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HARMONIOUS ASSOCIATION OF RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

WHEN it becomes our pleasing duty to extol and advocate the harmony between science and religion, we are so far removed from any danger of disparaging the excellence of liberal education, that we find our subject immediately eliciting admiration of the culture of literature, arts, and sciences, and our thoughts are led into a most pleasing disquisition, submitting to our view the civilized and enlightened world from the remotest period of antiquity. Art and science have raised from barbarism and ignorance unto knowledge and refinement, unto glory and celebrity, every people and realm into which they have been introduced, and by whom they have been assiduously cultivated. What was Greece but a horde of savages who warred with the beasts of the forest for their caverns and mangled prey, until Inachus introduced his Egyptian colony? What was Attica before Cecrops conceived and executed the noble design of subduing the rude propensities of the people by the genial culture of the mind? What was Rome but an asylum of banditti, until she became more truly the mistress of the world by her superiority in the arts of peace, than by those blood-stained victories, earned at the cost of ruin and dismay. Even the ferocious Scythian or Sarmatian, and other hardy barbarians of Northern Europe, who seemed as impervious to mental illumination as their forests were to the cheering sunbeam, as unsusceptible of cultivation as their barren rocks—even they have experienced the humanizing and illuminative powers of scientific culture. They too have produced such and so many proficients in every department of knowledge, as may rival the brightest ornaments of antiquity. Whilst, alas, the once honored Egypt, the source and dispenser of light to all the adjacent realms of intellectual darkness, now presents to our view a mournful spectacle of the lowest degradation, in the decadence of learning. How fallen unhappy Greece, once the prolific parent of the wise, once the industrious cultivator of the everlasting harvest of the mind! There the lurid tempest

or being harassed by their painful vicissitudes. Not merely are the seed-fields of all human experience thus accessible to us, but, through many of the best and richest of them, we are offered the eloquent companionship of guides intimately acquainted with all worth dwelling on, and ready to explain what may seem, at first sight, strange or incomprehensible. And such guides! The greatest minds that ever dwelt in clay, the very cream of the knowledge of their time, the recording mirrors wherein we are privileged to behold all the strength and the weakness, the guilt and the sorrow, the beauty and the heroism of the past. When a man drinks deep at the fountain of knowledge how ecstatic his enjoyments! Every season and every clime have charms for him. The craggy rock and barren heath, tempest and sunshine, all teem with interest. But he does not confine himself to the past or to scenes around him. He is occupied with the dark mysteries of the future. He launches into illimitable regions of space, examines the laws assigned for the government of the universe, traces the comet through the boundaries of creation, and endeavors to learn the movements of the luminous systems in the heavens. Becoming intensely conscious of his exalted origin he speeds his thoughts beyond the skies and strives to divine the purpose of the Eternal.

Cultivate the mind and the sacred text assures us we shall find, not only *length of days, but riches and honor.* Yes, such riches as may be earned without a crime, such honors as may be enjoyed without remorse, and they are assuredly such as common sense will assign to the men who apply bodily labor and mental exertion to the glory of God and the welfare of the human family. For were the object proposed merely to enrich the mind with copious stores of diversified learning, to render us skilled in the various branches of science, enabling us only to admire the great masters of eloquence, or to feel the beauties of poetry, without the noble accomplishment of religion, there would be a failure in the most essential point, individuality would defraud society of our contribution to its happiness, and every noble aspiration would be smothered within the narrow confines of selfishness. The mere utilitarian may be a stoic with Zeno, a cynic with Diogenes, a thief with Lycurgus, and mere philosophy might bring the pedant to worship fire with the Magi, to bless the crocodile like Egyptians, or like the Romans in their most scientific day, as Juvenal jestingly remarked, to adore as a god every root in the vegetable garden. Even our own memories are pained by the recollection of talented, most scientific rulers who ingeniously devised the ruin of nations; of philosophers and statesmen who argued logically for the rights of despotism; of persuasive orators who eloquently deceived the people. True it is that knowledge is power, but without the virtue of religion it is the power of the demon; it can cloak the schemes of Machiavel, but never can wreathe the laurels of a Washington. Religious education is spoken of with suspicion or scorn, and too many are actuated by the notion that if a man be well instructed by human aid and in human things, religion may be left to chance, to be taken up in some leisure moments of maturer age. It is insinuated that to come to the study of religion, its revelations, its mysteries, and various duties, the understanding should be formed and the judgment fully matured. That no bias should be previously given to the mind, to influence its investigation by preconceived opinions, impressed upon us by the sug-

gestions of others, before we are capable of ourselves to judge of their truth or falsehood; and that it is only in the advanced stage of intellect that it can be open to any proper ideas of the Supreme Being, and of all that might be called the whole science of religion. It is in a manner more or less akin to those ideas that a purely secular education is planned and carried out by those persons who abhor all admixture of religion with scholastic instruction. But besides having their system set up in opposition to the express teaching of Holy Writ, it is condemned by true philosophy, by its own results, and by sad experience. Man is not a moral and intellectual being merely, he is a religious being also, and any system of instruction which overlooks this fact, or passes by any one of these three fundamental attributes of man's nature, which are obvious to philosophical consideration, is not only defective by such an omission but is exceedingly culpable. An exclusively intellectual education leads to hard heartedness and the contempt of all moral influence. An exclusively moral education tends to fatuity by the over-excitement of our sensibilities. An exclusively religious education is a mere chimera, whereas the true office of religion is to take possession of the whole man in the direction of his ideas and the government of his feelings. Whatever education then is communicated to the people, must, to effect a good purpose, provide for the culture of all these principles. We may trespass on patience by producing one witness, out of hundreds, in regard to the results of the opposite course, and coming from a country where it has been highly favored and duly tested. Mr. Alison, the celebrated historian of modern Europe, may be taken as an unexceptionable witness. In his work on population he says: "*The national schools have taught their scholars immorality, hence the demoralization of the rising generation. In those schools not one moral axiom is inculcated, no precepts of religious principle are instilled into the mind, all is mere rote and mechanism, and their scholars offer to the world the most extraordinary collection of tyros in crime ever seen or heard of in its history.*" We are further fortified in combating those pernicious schemes which are inimical to the harmony of religion and science, when we advert to an experience very familiar, though not much noticed; it is that of the victims of the extrusion of religion from its due participation in training the faculties of mind and heart throughout the process of education. Often we meet with men, highly gifted with intellect and enriched with the most brilliant attainments of mental culture, becoming ridiculous for their eccentricities, pitiable for their depression, and showing in various ways that there is a deficiency in their moral constitution, rendering life an odious burden. Let the truth be told and you will find invariably that such wretchedness arises from the omission of seasonable religious impression. Theorists may exclaim: "*Enter upon the path which leads to knowledge, you will be cheered onward by a voice from within of self-confidence and self-respect, and the destructive pleasures of sense will be counteracted by the pleasures of knowledge.*" This kind of talk is mere ignorance or malicious deceit. No class of men, generally speaking, have found in the attractions of science, or in the study of philosophy, effectual antidote to the stimulus of the senses. A very different voice comes from the wilderness of domestic desolation, from the cell of the maniac, from the grave of the suicide. The shades of Moore, of

Southey, of Coleridge, of Campbell, of Scott, &c., &c., lamentably remind us that when the ephemeral inspiration of science ceased, the cheering light of religion being absent, the drooping spirit madly grasped the opium cup, or the dagger, in the gloom of despondency and despair. A different voice is often heard coming from the lowest depth of the valley of tears; it rises in confident tones above the hurricane of affliction, beyond the howling blast of adversity; it is heard in triumphant jubilation blessing the parental name of God, wishing that his will alone may be done; it is a voice from those of whom the Saviour spoke when He said: "*The gospel is preached to the poor.*"

We must abhor the theory that would leave science in the depths of dark research without a gleam of heaven's light, that would conduct the clouded mind only to the exercise of even a gigantic force, reckless of all results, like the famous Samson of the olden time, who blind to danger shattered the pillars that entombed the relics of his strength. Well may we smile or weep at the unphilosophical theory, which, in the disruption of those ties that have entwined the wreaths of science around the altars of religion, leaves the latter to the chance of being cherished or rejected as man increases in years, when he generally becomes also more capricious. However, we need not fear to present religion as the sweet companion of science, and both may be found to deplore as unhappy, the times when the concord of their united voices startles many who pretend to relieve the efforts of the mind from the burden of religious thought. But such notions are replete with folly. Leave genius to exhaustion without the essence of intellectual light, and the supernatural joy which must be inhaled with the fragrant incense of the altar; leave it to wither in the winter of the flesh, without any nutritious dew, or reviving sunshine issuing from the joyous elements of immortality; leave science to toil in its own solitary sphere, without the leisure of religious thought, and you break up a harmony, the brightest and the purest, similar to that morning repose, when the creative hand was withdrawn, and a view of the charming scene evoked the benediction of the Deity, saying that "*all was good.*" Our intelligence ought to be more spiritualized than that of the Pagans, who set the highest value on the arts and commodities of life, so as not to find any altar except in the sanctuaries of Ceres and Bacchus; and we believe the proposition to confine the mind to any machinery productive of articles of trade, or to scientific instruments conducive solely to the development of natural industry, would be paganizing it, as a votary of Vulcan or of Dædalus. Abandon the utmost refinements of art and science to isolation, and they will be seized upon for the drudgery of avarice and ambition, till toil will degenerate into distaste; but allow religion to officiate in liberating the soul from the bondage of passion, in bestowing the tranquillity of serious thought, and it will refine and invigorate the reposing mind; precisely as we see these abroad, the vegetation of nature not quite so prolific amid the elemental agitation of the day when the sunbeam pierces with its ardent heat, but rather it is in the soothing dew of night or the calm gray of morning that the herb collects the juice, and the rosebud opens with a more florid tinge and exhales a more fragrant perfume. When the limits of an essay will not admit of analytical scrutiny, and the danger of prolixity forbids an introduction of the various modes of science in their agreeable association with religion, we turn to the

more ready process of illustration by facts, and glancing at science as it wends its way over the undulating tide of human affairs, we find it safe and satisfactory when buoyed up by the spirit of this agreement. We behold the history of the human family undergoing various phases, indicating not only a forfeiture of the original endowment of truth, but also many a declension towards sensuality. And in all these transitions, discordant and licentious notions sprung up whenever the charming tuition of religion was discarded. The unnatural independence of the human mind soon produced a wild enthusiasm. A gross idolatry of nature superseded the simple worship of the Almighty, and often the freedom of a Voltaire made way for the scaffold of a Robespierre. We may take the example of one nation peculiarly distinguished by scientific pre-eminence. Egypt is still renowned for the highest attainments in arts and sciences. The towering remnants of architecture are monuments of Egyptian proficiency. In mathematics, astronomy, and sculpture, they were the masters of the Chaldeans, Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, then fairly entitled wise and enlightened nations. The unique grandeur of their public works, remind us of the long-drawn sighs of a giant time, at the thought that it must pass away and be forgotten. Be forgotten! the mournfulest thought in man—crushing—most unutterably intolerable. With frenzied zeal the Egyptians rose up in revolt against the sentence of that bitter law, "Thou shalt perish." The unbending, self-centred spirit of architecture opened a door for hope, where in every other direction the death-veil seemed impenetrable. "Build immortally," it cried; "outbuild the fury of the storm, the yawn of the earthquake, the inveteracy of decay; inscribe your names on sculptured causeway, massive obelisk, and labyrinthine temple, and let the frescoed caverns of marble pyramid unfadingly record your fame; thus shall oblivion be cheated of its prey, and Egypt's kings, aye, and artificers, shall live forever." Whole days, and years, and lifetimes were devoted to the working out this thought, and men consoled themselves in death with the assurance that they should live in memory. But the necessary vitality was absent. Torn from the association of religion, science had no support but passion and opinion, and as man became removed to a greater distance from the recollection which the early world had of his immortal value, the loftier faculties submitted to the animal propensities of his nature, and virtue was obliged to retire before the dominion of vice and immorality. The learning of Egypt sunk, its knowledge withered imperceptibly, the inscriptions were left unread till they grew illegible; the names such miracles of industry had been wrought to perpetuate, were forgotten! The pitying traveller came inquiring of these mighty time-stones whence Egypt's life was reckoned, but received no answer; ruin stood in the desert there, sullen and dumb. This much is equally applicable to other nations, where, for a time the ethical laws of scientific minds being imbued with one great pervading influence of religion betrayed a milder genius, and softened the outline of Apollo, but humane genius still travelled on to such a distance from religion that at length the iron hand of Rome piled up its Colosseum for the accommodation of men and beasts sporting and feasting in the agonies of human beings torn piecemeal by lions and leopards. Then it was that exhausted Genius crouching to the rule of despotism had no models but the dying gladiator, and the busts of epicurean emperors. The believer in revelation gladly

turns from such dark woes of solitary science to behold her beauty cheered in the companionship of religion. The contrast is found in the Israelitic tribes under the guidance of Moses, a man well versed in all the science of the Egyptians.

Whilst the understanding entertained science by investigating the profound secrets of nature, the will was not debased in sluggish inactivity, but being raised above the ordinary level by the supernal light of truth, followed the Creator's commands through the stormy sea and across the dreary wilderness. At length, under a dispensation which shot forth the bright light of truth in the Omnipotent irradiation of the sun of eternal wisdom, we find the sole protection for science in the harmonious agreement with religion. When the earthquake that shattered the rocks of Zion, sent its volcanic shock through every strata of Olympus, devastation ranged from the Parthenon to the Capitol, and ancient systems sunk beneath the inundation of their follies. Religion guarded the seed of science until it was again scattered over the mass of fragments, and clothed their barren nakedness with productive verdure. Again we behold the inestimable value of religious association when a worldstorm of barbarism, as a besom of destruction, swept for centuries the decayed civilization of the Roman empire. That was the solemnest epoch in the lifetime of man, when the civilization of two thousand years, united into one gigantic fabric by the power of Rome, so that the whole trust and worth of nations was by compulsion made to rest thereon, began visibly to break down. Men had been bowed for centuries to believe the lie, that one arch of power is enough for all mankind; that it is safest and best for many nations to trust all to one. There stood but one world-spanning arch, but one tolerated bridge over anarchy. Suddenly the waters rise, surge high, swell beyond all ordinary bounds; the antiquated masonry gives way, battlement after battlement falls in; then there is loud cry for help. Downward it totters with its multitudinous load. Yet all is not lost. Christianity remained a refuge for the drowning civilization of antiquity. The Church sank not. Since the unannalled days of the first flood, when the primitive science, art, and knowledge of mankind were destroyed, there had been naught within comparison so appalling to the unsheltered world as this Scythian tide; and, as in the older tempest, there was no salvation but in an ark of safety of no human providence or contrivance. The Church alone outrode the storm. When its surging crest of ruin rose most high, the cross rose with it, and above it still. On, on, with force as if forever, the gush of Scythia and Burgundia roars. All power is overwhelmed in its weltering wave. The Church alone sinks not. It alone presumes to reprove, to rebuke, to restrain its rage. The barbarians embraced Christianity, and immortal faith saved human hope from dying. If at the present time we admire the stately column, the bold and firm architrave, we must not forget how such models have been preserved to supply the want of original skill; the shadows of the cross protected the portico of the Pantheon, and the basis of the altar upholds the tottering remnants of the Flavian amphitheatre. And now, passing down to those ages during which society was so often shaken, it is advisable to remark, that for centuries there could not be anything but confusion, owing to the pressure of emigration, and the sudden conflicts of alien and adverse tribes; when, like their languages, the habits and dispositions of people in a state of transi-

tion, required long time and various methods for their organization. Under such circumstances it was still the hand of religion that struggled for the protection of science against the wild unbound elements of physical, as well as intellectual nature; and it is alone to the noble spirits cherished in her bosom, that we are indebted for the reaction of civilization through the liberal arts and sciences. A searching glance cast over the European nations, in the most eventful times, would bring to view a host of great and illustrious men, whose very profession of life and dedication of their talents makes evident the fact that, having their thoughts influenced by religious views, they discovered a sacredness in the duty of preserving and encouraging every means tributary to the advancement and prosperity of science. When a calm remission from the penalties of turbulence and war had been obtained in epochs like the commencement of the Carlovingian sway, or in the reviving ardor of patrons, like to Alfred, whose renown is not diminished by his distant position on the page of British history, such favorable circumstances were eagerly seized upon to turn the resources then afforded, like a tide, upon the seeds of learning, which never perished. Though hidden during a long and dreary winter, they needed only a genial culture to separate the surrounding soil of feudal barbarity and oppression, and then the cheering influence of the religious spirit brought forth into fulness of bloom and fragrant odor the sweetest productions that ever entertained the mind of man. We are not left in doubt concerning the influence impending over the regeneration, equally with the birth of science, when we see every nucleus of civilization and refinement ornamented by those ministers of former times, which raise a forest of spires amidst the fields of the old world, where the war for the life of science raged as fiercely, though more triumphantly, as any combat that led polished Roman to the lists with savage Gaul. Upon those good old records the artist and the scholar will ever gaze with affectionate regard, for they have been a means to keep in freshness and activity the painter's pencil and the sculptor's chisel, whilst their courts and transepts drew near them, with a sort of parental embrace, the university with its library and its laboratory. Those ages of faith were not times of mental apathy. The race of men among whom were made those numerous and brilliant discoveries which no subsequent energy has outvied, were not indifferent to the highest attainments of civilization. Amongst them were working and fermenting in every direction, transcendent intellectual vigor and exalted moral energies. The great names which illustrated the revival of letters sprung from no puny forefathers. Those intellectual giants were not descended from imbecile dwarfs. When the sun of learning rose into the upper hemisphere and disclosed what, in the absence of books, in the want of printing, had been working unseen, it laid bare the prodigious strength which lived and labored independent of those facilities, which, in our time, render literature and science a luxury and a pastime. The good seed was widely scattered, but the harvest which ensued showed in what kind of soil that seed had been planted, and how generous the hand from which it came. We fear not to weave the wreath of happy agreement between religion and the Muses, when we find a cloud of favorable witnesses in every age and clime, laying the first offerings of science and literature as tributes before the altar of religion. If the scholars of some very distant ages,

who still afford us unrivalled models for classical beauty, if they could come to life again and find us, after the lapse of centuries, in spite of time and distance, acquainted with the productions of their genius, would they not be surprised at the means so successful in preserving this familiar intercourse with distant ages? It would not be too much to imagine that Cicero would mount the rostrum and bestow his thanks upon the Christian hand which preserved the honor of his toga, and generously extended the nourishment of science to every age. Look to any era, and in the various departments of science, you will find the most celebrated characters dear to religion, trained up by her institutions, and giving to the last moment unequivocal proofs of their attachment. True it is, that many, bewildered by infidelity, scorned the repose of faith, but even whilst they were tearing the bosom of their benefactress, could not refuse to her the tribute of their acknowledgments. D'Alembert, Diderot, on several occasions, paid the tribute of their homage to religious education. Voltaire avowed his many obligations to his masters, and even amidst his blindest excesses did ample justice to the eminent abilities of the most eminent teachers in the world, the intellectual, zealous, and indomitable Jesuits. Very often the last scene of life has been a reunion, when Boulainvilliers, Dumarsais, Maupertius, Beranger, and others, gave testimony that there is a delightful agreement between science and religion. None but ignorant or malignant men have ever fancied a useful or polite education separated from the refinement and sweet influence of religion. The frantic theories of such men have dragged nations to the verge of barbarism, and amidst the labyrinths of doubts and perplexities, which beset the public mind, they stole on to their work of plunder and persecution. There are many not loath to tell us that education can flourish without the tender care of religion; the experiment is now being daily made in the world, and it is replied to by the sighs of the plundered and the groans of the assassinated. We have seen nations yielding up their principles, institutions, customs, and character, to the capricious government of those philosophizing empirics. We have seen them awfully convulsed, the spirit of fanaticism operating like one of those subterranean volcanic fires, which shake a country to its centre, and spread ruin and desolation. We have seen the Christian schools shut up, and immediately afterwards the terrible barricades erected. We have seen the truest friends of the Muses, the bravest confessors of the faith—the Jesuits—hunted down like wolves, and immediately afterwards, on the path of their flight, we have seen advancing thousands of bloodstained insurgents, led on by the apostles of anarchy and by the missionaries of atheism. In the midst of any civilization, we may ask, what would we be were it not for the immediate fostering care of religion, or at least for some of its traditional influence? She has received within her sanctuary literature and fine arts, the melodies of music, the elegant labors of the painter and the poet, making them tributary in the decoration of her altars, and thence sent them forth resplendent with her blessing and her light to diffuse civilization. She elevates the soul, and inspiring it with sublime ideas, has always furnished subjects and models for noble genius. She has given harmony to music, she has directed the pencil of a Raphael, and guided the chisel of Canova, and toiling upwards towards the heavens to place the cross in early meeting

with the first rays of each morning dawn, she has encouraged the most perfect and boldest efforts of architecture! Never can we regard as indifferent, for our manners, for philosophy, or for policy, that kind of education which developed the genius of a Bossuet, refined the soul of a Charles Carroll, and planting the cross upon the bark of Columbus, sought for distant lands, to render them seats of civilization. No, we cannot divorce science from religion without rejecting masterpieces of genius in every department, without effacing the most glorious monuments, without casting down the image of God to be the degraded companion of the brute, by the sole application of an imperishable mind to seek what he shall eat and wherewith he may be clothed. The gifted mind of Solomon embellished its highest attainments when searching for the ways of God on paths of light from the rising to the setting sun. How base, how contemptible his solitary science, stooping to adore sticks and stones, as the deities of his concubines. Far better, certainly, the united spirit which attuned the harp and evoked the song of David; it is from him we willingly learn that, beneath "*the heavens showing forth the glory of God, and the firmament declaring the work of his hand*," most congenial and delightful must ever be the harmony between science and religion.

MARY IMMACULATE.

Sweet Mother, from eternal years thou wast the chosen one
Predestined to conceive and bear the God-Incarnate Son;
God gazed upon thy spotless soul, and all was bright and fair,
God gazed upon thy purest heart, and all was perfect there.

Daughter of God! O title high! no holy saint may claim,
Though great in sanctity, so sweet, so very sweet a name;
Before thy throne the angel-hosts bow down in worship true,
And Jesus with His Sacred Heart looks lovingly on you.

Fair Spouse of God! the Holy Ghost hath formed thee for His bride.
He looked in every maiden's heart, but found none fit beside;
He loved thy pure and childlike mind, He did o'ershadow thee,
For ages long, His own beloved and most chaste spouse to be.

Mother of God! Thy virgin womb He most supremely blessed,
And deigned within thy tender form all peacefully to rest;
Thy blood doth flow throughout His veins—that blood was shed for me,
And thou wast crucified with Christ upon the blessed tree.

But worthless quite, of no avail, would all these honors be
Were it not still for something more,—thy heavenly sanctity;
Daughter, Spouse, Mother of thy God, all these are honors great,
But thou hast graces greater still, thou art Immaculate!

AIMÉE'S SACRIFICE.

A TALE.

IV.

EVERY now and again Aimée understood that *she*, though not directly named, formed the subject of conversation between the two partners. She was in some way connected with the return of "Robert," though who Robert was, or where he was coming from, she had not the slightest conception, and she felt too weary at heart to indulge much curiosity. Christmas came, and poor Aimée's heart was sore indeed. At such a period the happiest family has some sad memories—there are some vacant places at the board, some voices whose tone we listen for in vain; but with Aimée what a change since last year! She could not but think of the midnight Mass, the gathering of the villagers, the sky radiant with stars, her mother's kiss, the curé's blessing; how, later in the day, she had waited on the poor and gladdened many a heart, and how she had trimmed the church's arches with holly, and how she had dressed the *crèche*. Now there were no such delights for her; still she drove back her tears. She thought of her mother's Christmas in heaven, really singing the angelic song. And in the dingy London chapel a few holly-berries were glistening, and upon the altar was the same Lord, the same Friend and Comforter; and Aimée, as she walked home through the streets, when a fog was beginning to turn to rain, and when every object looked a dirty-brown color, felt in her heart that she possessed the greatest blessing the festival could bring,—*peace of heart.*

She dreaded the dinner because she feared Mr. Hulme would be present; but on entering the drawing-room she found to her surprise a gentleman whom she had never seen before. He was lying back in one of the easy-chairs, a newspaper in his hand, as if quite at home. On her entrance he sprang to his feet, and Aimée saw he was a young man about five-and-twenty, with a fair open countenance beaming with good humor and cheerfulness.

"Miss Morton, I presume. Allow me to introduce myself, as there is no one at hand to perform the ceremony. I am Robert Claydon, at your service, nephew to the redoubtable Mr. Hulme. I am not vain enough to suppose he has talked of me in my absence."

"I have heard him speak of some one called Robert," said Aimée, smiling.

"I have been in Holland these three months," he replied, "on business of the firm, and only returned last night."

The entrance of Mr. Morton and Mr. Hulme put a stop to the conversation; but Aimée soon found that dinner was a very different matter in presence of the new guest.

Mr. Hulme was in the highest good humor, Mr. Morton less icy than usual, while Robert's flow of spirits seemed inexhaustible. All the little incidents of an ordinary journey from Hamburg to London were told in such a manner as to make them amusing; and when Aimée went to bed that night, she felt as if a ray of sunshine had suddenly lightened her life. Sunshine, indeed, was the word that could best express the effect produced by Robert Claydon's presence. There was sunshine in his laughing blue eyes, in his merry smile, in his joyous voice. Having

learned the secret of personal happiness, his one desire was to make others happy, and morose indeed were the natures he did not gladden; and Aimée soon found that he was not only bright and genial, but noble in character and heart.

Mr. Hulme had long intended to make Robert his heir; and since the arrival of Aimée, the partners had formed the scheme of marrying her to Robert, and thus keeping the property of the firm intact. Her wishes in the matter the old men little thought of, nor were Robert's much considered, except that they each knew too well Robert would not be dictated to in so important a matter as the choice of a wife.

It was, however, not long after his return to England that the "firm" intimated the purport of their august will to Robert.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," was his smiling answer. "This little Aimée is, I believe, the very ideal I have imagined to myself for a wife, and by all laws of romance you, our respected uncles, ought to forbid the match, or cut us off with a shilling, instead of actually urging us on. But now remember," added he, "a fair field, or I'm off the bargain. No issuing of commands to the poor little maiden. I will win her on my own merits, and after my own fashion, or not at all."

And so the weeks passed on, and Robert began seriously to doubt whether he had really made progress. Aimée was always pleased to see him; she had lost all shyness and embarrassment in his presence. There is no self-possession so perfect as that given by simplicity, and Aimée, who rarely thought about herself, was always at her ease. She trusted Robert implicitly, and had learned to tell him about her home, her former pursuits, and even of her darling mother. She never tried to analyze her feelings; she only knew that her whole life was changed since that Christmas-day by the constant intercourse with this new friend; and Robert, whose whole heart was given to her, feared that she only regarded him with sisterly affection, and he feared to speak the words which might, instead of crowning his hopes, banish him from her side.

One evening in the early spring, Aimée was sitting at the piano trying some new music Robert had given her. Robert was not far off, and Mr. Hulme and Mr. Morton were lingering, according to their custom, in the dining-room. A servant entered with letters.

"Are there any for me?" said Aimée, turning round eagerly. "The French letters often come by this post, and it is so long since I heard from St. Victor."

"Yes," said Robert, bringing the letter to her "here it is, postmark, foreign stamp, and all."

"But not his handwriting!" said Aimée in a surprised tone, and she tore the letter open. A sudden paleness overspread her face, and the letter fell from her hands, and she looked up into Robert's face with an expression of mute agony.

"My poor child!" said Robert, in a tone so gentle, so full of sympathy, that Aimée broke down.

"He is gone!" she sobbed out; "my last, my only friend."

"Nay, not so," cried Robert; "I would give my life for you, my Aimée—my love—my love! O darling, *can* you care for me? can you give me your heart for mine?"

She gave one look only from her innocent eyes, still full of tears, but that one glance sufficed; it removed all doubt from Robert's mind. He felt that he was indeed beloved with a woman's first and ardent attachment; and gathering her into his arms, he bade her weep out her sorrows on his breast, henceforth to be her refuge. Hence-

forth their joys and their sorrows were to be in common. After a time they read the letter together. It was from the doctor of St. Victor, and told how the old curé had died suddenly while kneeling before the altar in silent prayer—a frequent custom of his throughout the day. He had fallen sideways, his head resting on the altar-step, a smile of childlike sweetness on his lips, his rosary twined about his hands, his Breviary by his side—a soldier with his armor on, he had been called by his Master to join the Church Triumphant. For such a loss there could be no bitterness, and Aimée's sorrow was calm and gentle. And round her life now there hung a halo such as had never brightened it before. She had been happy with her mother and in her village, with the springtide joy of childhood and early youth; but now the rich full summer of her life was come. True it was, no voice, save poor Mrs. Connell's, wished her joy. She had no mother or sister, or even friend to tell out the many new thoughts that her position brought to her mind; but, to make up for this, she found she had won a heart such as rarely falls to the lot of mortal.

To the lonely girl Robert was literally all—mother and brother and lover in one. Her happiness, not his own gratification, was the pervading thought of his life. She was not only loved, but watched over tenderly and cared for with exceeding thoughtfulness. There was, of course, nothing to wait for; and as soon as the settlements were drawn up, Easter would have come, and then the marriage would take place. Knowing Aimée's love for the country, Robert took a cottage in one of the pretty villages that surround London, and there, as he planned, they could garden together in the summer evenings, and sometimes take a row upon the Thames.

Meanwhile, Robert took Aimée away as much as possible from the gloomy atmosphere of Russell Square. They went together to the parks and to Kensington Gardens, where the trees were fast beginning to put on their first fresh green; and they went together to the different Catholic churches, for the beautiful services which abound in such variety during Lent; and during their walks to and fro Aimée learnt more and more of the nobility of the mind that was hereafter to guide and govern her own. They were no ordinary lovers, these two; their affection was too pure, too deep, too *real* to need much outward demonstration, or many expressions of its warmth. They knew each possessed the other's heart, and that was enough. Their conversation often ran on grave subjects, and often, leaving the things of earth, they mounted to the thoughts of a higher and better life; and Aimée found, to her astonishment, that the young merchant, active in business, the laughing merry Robert in society, was in reality leading in secret a life of strict Christian holiness, and that the secret of the perpetual sunshine of his nature proceeded from his having found rest where alone the heart of man can find it. Deep as was his love for her, Aimée knew it was second only to his love for his Creator; and at the call of duty he would not hesitate to sacrifice the dearest hopes of his life. Here she felt she could not follow him; her love for him very nearly approached idolatry. The thought was painful, and she banished it from her mind, and gave herself up to the full enjoyment of her first perfect dream of bliss.

V.

It was a late Easter, and the feast came in a glorious burst of spring. Only a brief ten days now intervened between Aimée's mar-

riage-day. Already the simple bridal attire was ready; "for," as Mrs. Connell observed, "there was nothing like being in time;" and the orange-flowers and the veil were already in the good housekeeper's charge, and she looked forward with no little pleasure to the novel sight of a wedding from her master's gloomy abode. Robert wished Aimée to see the house he had taken for their future home; and early in Easter week Mrs. Connell accompanied them thither, to give her sage advice as to the finishing touches of furniture and house-linen. It really was a little gem of a house, surrounded with fairy-like gardens, with tall trees shading it on one side, and the silver Thames shining in the foreground; and as Aimée stood, silent with delight, before the open French window of her drawing-room, Robert showed her a little steeple peeping through the trees, and told her the pretty new Catholic church was not five minutes' walk from their abode.

"And this tiny room, dearest," said he, opening a miniature window adjoining the drawing-room, "I thought we would make into a little oratory, and hang up those pictures and crucifix which belonged to your dear mother."

Aimée's head fell on his shoulder.

"Robert, I feel as if it were much *too bright* for earth. The curé always seemed to be trying to prepare me for a life of suffering, for a sad future, for a heavy cross. Long before mamma's death, he used to speak so much in the confessional of the love of suffering, of *enduring* life—and I always believe he had some strange insight into the future. But where is the suffering in my lot now, Robert, I ask myself sometimes; *where is the cross?*"

"It will come, my dear one," answered he with his bright smile; "never fear, God gives us sunshine sometimes, and we must be ready for the clouds when they come, but we need not be looking out for them. We may have some great trials together—who knows? But now come and look at the way I am going to lay out my garden."

Aimée followed him without answering; but in her heart there swelled the thought that, *with him*, no trial could be really great.

On returning to town, Robert took leave of Aimée at the station, and put her and Mrs. Connell into a cab, and promised to return to Russell Square for dinner. As the cab rolled through the streets, now bright and cheerful in the sunlight, Aimée thought of her first journey through them six months before, and how her life, then so sad, had so strangely brightened; and it was with a radiant face that she entered the gloomy portal of her uncle's house.

The footman stopped Mrs. Connell as she followed her young mistress.

"My master has come home," he said, "and asked for you, and precious cross he was because you wasn't in; he seems ill like, for he sent for a cup of tea."

"Master at home! a cup of tea!" ejaculated Mrs. Connell in dismay; and she hastened to the study, to find Mr. Morton shivering over the fire, and so testy and irritable it was difficult to know what to do for him. He was evidently ill, but would not hear of sending for a doctor. "Nonsense, he was never ill; he should dine as usual," he exclaimed sharply. But when dinner-time came, he was unable to partake of it, and his illness was so evidently gaining on him, that he yielded to Robert's persuasion, and Dr. Bruce was summoned. The doctor ordered his patient to bed, looked serious, and promised to come again in the morning. By that time Mr. Morton was delirious, and it was with no surprise that the household learnt the illness was

a low typhus fever. A nurse was sent for to assist Mrs. Connell. Aimée was forbidden to approach the bedroom, and the wedding was postponed.

Robert's first wish had been to send Aimée away, but she shrank from the idea; and as Dr. Bruce considered the risk of infection had already been run, he did not press the point. He was careful to take her out as much as possible into the open air, and to prevent the silence and gloom of the house from depressing her. Mr. Morton's life was in the utmost danger, and therefore, do what they would, they could not be so cheerful as before. Hitherto the lovers had, by a tacit consent, avoided the mention of Aimée's uncle; for the six months that had elapsed since she had entered his doors had made no difference apparently in Mr. Morton's feelings toward her. He was as icy as ever; and when her engagement was announced, he never wished her joy, or seemed glad of it for her sake. Cold and hard he naturally was, but Aimée could not but feel that he had an actual dislike to her; for he would smile now and then at Mr. Hulme's jokes, and his manner to Robert often verged on cordiality. With her only he was invariably silent, stern, and freezing; and poor Aimée's heart, so full of affection, so ready to be grateful for the little he did for her, felt deeply pained. But now Robert and she spoke anxiously of that soul which was hanging in the balance between life and death. He had lived without God, in open defiance of His laws, in avowed disbelief of the very existence of his Maker; and now was he, without an hour's consciousness, without any space for repentance, to be hurried into the presence of his Judge? They shrank in horror from the thought; and many were their prayers, many were the Masses offered up that God in His mercy would not cut off this man in his sins. Their prayers were granted; he did not die, and after three weeks of intense anxiety, the crisis passed, and he began to mend. Mental improvement was not to be perceived with returning health. No expression of gratitude for having escaped death crossed his lips—apparently the shadow of death had not terrified him—he rose up from his sick-bed as hard, as cynical, as icy as before. And Aimée's fond hope that at last he would thaw to her was disappointed.

As soon as Mr. Morton could leave his room, Dr. Bruce prescribed change of air; and it was arranged that Robert and Aimée should accompany him. Mrs. Connell was so thoroughly used up with nursing, that she was to be sent to take a holiday among her friends in Ireland.

It was hard work to persuade Mr. Morton to go at all, still harder to find a place to suit him; he moved from spot to spot, till at last, to his companions' surprise, he seemed to take a fancy for a wild spot on the North Devon coast, and there settled down for some weeks. It was a most out of the way spot, and the only place in which they could reside was a homely village inn. It pleased him, however, and day by day he rapidly regained his strength. Robert and Aimée were well contented; the beauty and quiet of the place were delightful, and not a mile from it was a Catholic church, which happened to be served by a priest who had known Robert in his boyhood. Great was Aimée's pleasure in listening to their laughing reminiscences of bygone years, and greater still was her happiness when she chanced to be left alone with Father Dunne, and he spoke of Robert, of his innocent childhood, his holy life, the bright example he set in his position, and assured her that few wo-

men had won such a prize as she had for life. Then Aimée's heart swelled with joy and pride. On one lovely day in June, Aimée was specially happy; for her uncle's improvement was so marked, Robert had been asking her to fix an early day in July for their wedding. Mr. Hulme and Mrs. Connell could join them, and they could be married at this little church, which had become dear to them, and Father Dunne could pronounce the nuptial benediction. Aimée greatly preferred this to being married in London, and her heart was very light. That morning she had knelt by Robert's side at Communion. She could not help observing the rapt, almost celestial expression of his face afterward. It was the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and Father Dunne had Benediction early in the afternoon.

As they walked to church together, their conversation turned on religious subjects, and Robert spoke in a more unreserved way than he had ever done before. He spoke of heaven, the rest it would be after earth's toils, of the sweetness of sacrifice, of the joy of God's service. Aimée was silent. He looked down into her face.

"Well," he said, smiling, "is it not true?"

"O Robert," she cried, "your love is heaven to me now! Is not, O, is not mine so to you?"

"No, my Aimée," he answered, gravely yet sweetly; "my heart's darling, God first, then you."

"I cannot!" she answered, in a stifled voice.

"You will soon, darling, never fear. I prayed this morning that our love might be sanctified, might draw us closer to God—and I feel it will be so. Pray with me for it at Benediction."

So they went and knelt before the altar, and their Lord blessed them as they bent before him. Passing out of church Father Dunne joined them, and remarked on the beauty of the evening.

"We shall go with my uncle on the cliff," said Aimée, "and watch the sunset."

"And perhaps I shall meet you there," answered the priest, "for I have a sick-call from which I can return in that direction." So saying, he turned into another road.

VI.

Mr. Morton was ready when they returned to the inn, and the three passed up on the cliff, and wandered on far beyond their usual distance. They came to a part where the cliff was one sheer sheet of rock descending to the beach, save one large crag which jutted out, and on one side obscured the view. Aimée had a great horror of looking down any steep place, and shrank back from the cliff, while Mr. Morton, who despised her weakness, always chose to walk at the very edge.

"See here, little one," said Robert, "here is a safe place for you." An iron stanchion had been thrust into the ground, and a thick rope was carelessly coiled round it. "It must be used for throwing signals to the boats below," said Robert, "but you can lean against it, Aimée."

"I think I shall step on that crag, Robert," said Mr. Morton, "if you will lend me an arm, I want to catch the whole view at once."

"O uncle!" said Aimée, in a tone of terror.

"Do you think it is very prudent, sir?" remarked Robert. "It is none too wide to stand on."

"O, very well," said Mr. Morton testily, "if you are afraid, I shall go by myself."

Robert's merry laugh was the only answer, and, giving his arm to Mr. Morton, they both descended.

Aimée hid her face, sick with terror. She heard their voices for

a minute, then—O horror, *what* was that? A crash, a rush, a sudden shout of pain! She rushed to the edge, to see the crag detach itself from the rock, and the two figures falling. She saw both clutching for some support—she saw both catch hold of different bits of rock jutting out—she knew, for her senses were sharpened by fear, that they could not long sustain their weight. She thought of the rope, rushed for it, uncoiled it, and ran back. All was the work of one moment. An unnatural activity seemed to possess her. She was like one in a dream. She saw the rope would not reach both; she must choose between them. Neither could see her! But on the still evening air, with her ears quickened unnaturally, she heard—oaths from one; from the other, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Aimée threw the rope to Mr. Morton, and saw him catch it. The next instant she heard another crash—a dull *thud*, as of something falling—and nature could bear no more. Aimée fell on the ground insensible just as Father Dunne and some laborers, alarmed by the shout in the distance, came running to the spot.

When Aimée woke to consciousness, she was in her own bed at the inn. Her first thought was, that she had been dreaming; but she started back, the landlady was walking by her, and now came forward, trying to put on an appearance of composure.

"My uncle?" said Aimée.

"Lies in bed, Miss, and going on well," answered the good woman hurriedly.

Aimée gave one searching look into Mrs. Barton's face, and sank back on her pillow. In another moment the door opened, Mrs. Barton disappeared, and Father Dunne stood by her side. One silent look at him was all she gave.

"Yes, my child," he said, "your sacrifice has been accepted, and Robert is with those who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

And then, sitting down beside her, the priest drew out the truth, which, by a sudden instinct, he had all but guessed. No one but he ever knew it; it was generally believed that Robert had failed to catch the rope when thrown to him—he had fallen on the beach, and was dashed to pieces. Aimée could not look upon his form or kiss for the last time the pale cold face. He had passed in one brief instant from her sight for aye. In the heat of noonday her sun had gone down.

"And now, my child," said Father Dunne, "you must rise up and be doing. Your uncle is alive, but fearfully injured. I fear he will never be well again. A long and painful illness lies before him. May God grant that this, and the shock he has had, may open his eyes to the truth! And now do you, my child, be generous; complete the sacrifice you have made, and strive to gain this soul to God."

Aimée bowed her head in silent assent, and Father Dunne blessed her and went his way. In an hour's time Aimée was at her uncle's side. An oath greeted her entrance.

To do the poor man justice, his sufferings were very great, and the evil habit of his life was too strong for him to subdue, otherwise he would not have uttered cruel words at the entrance of the pale girl, whose young life had been so sorely stricken by his wilfulness.

Poor Aimée! the hardest part of her trial was not in the first few days that followed the accident. Who that has passed through the dark waters of sorrow does not know they are the lightest? Bewilderment, a sort of strange excitement, the necessity of action, the loving sympathy of friends, the

feeling *it can't be true*, that we shall wake and find it but a dream—all these bear us on.

So Aimée felt. The Requiem Mass was sung for Robert in the little church where he had knelt and prayed by her side. He was buried in the little churchyard, in a lovely spot shaded by trees and by the east window; there he was laid, "till the resurrection morning hath first begun to break," said Aimée to herself.

As long as she could stay there, visiting that grave, planting flowers around it, planning with Father Dunne the cross that was to be erected to the beloved memory, listening to his words of consolation, living over again the precious hours she had passed in this beautiful spot with her lost love, Aimée comparatively suffered little. But when Mr. Morton was well enough to be moved, then came the full bitterness of the trial. Then she realized she was indeed alone. It was like leaving him, like again tearing out her heart afresh.

In August they returned to the dreary house in Russell Square. London looked baked and scorched with the hot summer sun; heat, dust, and glare prevailed everywhere; the little children who had played in the square gardens were all gone away, and all was desolate. Mrs. Connell clasped Aimée in her arms when she arrived, and wept over her. She did all in her power to comfort the poor girl; but little indeed was it she could do.

The doctors said Mr. Morton must not stay in town; but nothing would induce him to move. He was a terrible charge to his nurses; irritable, morose, ungrateful, selfish. But Aimée was generous; she waited on him with unwearied patience; she never regretted the sacrifice she had made for him. She prayed unceasingly, and offered all her sufferings for him.

She suffered terribly, but she was not forsaken—the very extremity of her anguish drew down compassion for her from the Heart of Jesus.

She was, of course, more her own mistress than she had been formerly, and she used her liberty only to go more frequently than she had done to church. She had found out there was a convent not far from where she lived; and she obtained an *entrée* to their little quiet chapel, and there she spent long hours alone with her Lord. No one has ever yet tried that remedy for grief in vain. At His feet she poured out floods of bitter tears; she told Him all her heart's sorrow, and she found rest.

At first coming back to London, she had found it a bitter trial to have to entertain Mr. Hulme, who haunted the house, who was no use in the sick-chamber, and who was generally driven from it by Mr. Morton's irritability. Then Aimée had to listen to his moans and reproaches, lamentations and condolences. It seemed a thankless task; but gradually her sweetness, resignation, and patience were touching the heart of the hard old man; she found herself gaining an influence over him. He was a nominal Catholic, but for years had not practiced his religion—had almost forgotten its tenets.

At first he argued with her, and almost began to scoff; but the pain in her face stopped him. At last the arguments grew into an instruction. He consented to go to Mass with her, just now and again; by degrees, every Sunday.

And now Christmas drew near. The last Christmas-day had brought to the lonely girl her life's hope and joy. This Christmas she was alone, but she brought back to the fold of the Good Shepherd a sheep that had been long wandering from Him. Old Mr. Hulme knelt by her side at the altar-rail, reconciled with his God. A strange joy filled

Aimée's heart. She felt that Robert was joining in that angelic song always chanted over a returning sinner. Mr. Morton's conversion was slower and more tedious; but Aimée patiently waited on, praying, suffering, hoping, and at last it came. Grace wrought a miracle. The hard heart was touched, and when touched, it was like the stony rock from which water gushed out. He repented with his whole heart.

His end was drawing near, and one night, as Aimée was watching by him and the house was still, he told her his early history: how once he had been generous and true and loving; how he had set his heart on a human being, trusted her implicitly, and been grossly deceived. From that hour his heart had hardened to all save his brother George. He had looked on him as having been caught in the snares of a French adventuress. If George had lived, no doubt the brothers would have met; but when the news of his brother's death reached him, he had no pity for the widow and orphan, and left them to perish. Finding Mrs. Morton was dying, he had enough affection for his brother left to provide for his only child; but he could not overcome his aversion to Aimée as her mother's daughter. He knew what she had done at the time of the accident. Whether he had seen her act, which seemed impossible, or whether it were a conviction flashed into his mind by God, he could not tell, but he had never doubted it. The very knowledge that he owed his life to her, and that at the cost of more than her own, was gall and bitterness to him. He chafed against it, and his uncontrolled nature vented itself in angry and rough words.

But the months of patient submissive gentleness did their work, and the mighty sacrifice of prayer and suffering went up for him before the Eternal Throne, and the work was done. He died towards the close of Lent; and when Easter came, with all its memories for Aimée, she could rejoice and look forward more than ever to the meeting again with her loved and lost ones.

Mr. Morton bequeathed all his property to Aimée unconditionally, and she found herself a great heiress. She had always looked to Father Dunne for guidance and help. He had come to town several times through the winter to see her, and had constantly corresponded with her. By his advice she went abroad for a year, under charge of a friend of his. The house in Russell Square was sold; Mrs. Connell was pensioned, but still stayed with Aimée as her maid.

Aimée first went to St. Victor: visited her mother's grave, and that of the old curé; knelt again at the altar where she had made her First Communion; saw all her old friends among the poor; and made a friend of the new curé.

The church of St. Victor was beautified and repaired; funds to erect a little hospice for the poor of the village, which some Sisters of Charity were to be in charge of, were bestowed. Then Aimée, her chaperone, and Mrs. Connell went on their way to Switzerland. They lingered in the Tyrol, and as autumn drew on, went to Rome, and passed the winter in the Eternal City.

Aimée came back to England a different being—no longer, indeed, the bright girl who had been Robert's betrothed, but a thoughtful yet happy woman. Yes, she was happy. She had learnt the sweetness of self-sacrifice. The peace that passeth all understanding filled her heart.

She settled down in London, and gave up her whole life to the service of others; not only the poor—they were her chief care—but her loving heart poured itself out on all.

There are many weary souls among the rich, many heavy burdens, many aching hearts. Such as these Aimée consoled. She listened, sympathized, helped. People tempted to murmur at their lot were silenced by her example. She strengthened others who were struggling; she induced many and many a one to turn their wandering footsteps into the way of peace.

She lived very quietly, and never went into society; not because she disapproved of it, but because her spirits were too broken, and nothing in her position made it a duty.

Her great fortune gradually melted away. Charities of all kinds were aided, and never knew from whence the timely help came. Near the spot where Robert breathed out his last sigh a convent was erected, and the religious whose blessed lot it is to pray day and night before the Blessed Sacrament were there established. A new church, in a poor and populous district, was erected in honor of the Sacred Heart.

And so the years passed on, and year by year the peace deepened in Aimée's soul.

"What a sweet face!" said strangers as she passed by. "How like an angel's!"

Many wondered she never became a nun; and some were bold enough to express it to her. She smiled, and said that the first thought of her girlhood had been religious life. The old curé had always told her God would never call her to that; and now, after having passed through such strong emotions, such ardent wrenches, she felt she had no longer the spring and energy requisite for that entire immolation of self.

She spent much time by the sick-bed of Mr. Hulme, who had a long lingering illness; and she was with him at the end, received his last blessing as his guardian angel upon earth, and saw him die a Christian death. And many other souls did she garner up for her reward above —little orphans, forsaken girls, repentant sinners, despairing poor, were led by her to the Good Shepherd.

At last her task was done. Slowly she faded away. Her end was very peaceful. Father Dunne was with her; and when, on the day she died, he entered her room, he found her gazing at her crucifix.

"Is it peace, my child?"

"Yes, father, wonderful peace. How could I ever have dreamt, in those hours of my desolation, it was so well for him to go! I loved him too much for my eternal peace. He would have been my first thought on earth. Now I look forward to seeing him, indeed; but O, father, still more, still more to seeing Him who is indeed my Lord, my love, my life!"

A few hours after, she passed from earth. She was buried by Robert's side, by Father Dunne's wish.

During her life the secret of her heroism had been strictly kept. Not even Mrs. Connell guessed it. But after she had passed away from the praise or blame of earth, he told the story; and oftentimes do people repeat it, and feel their hearts stirred to be noble and generous, after the example of Aimée's sacrifice.

THE APPARITION OF OUR BLESSED LADY AT LOURDES.

Everybody must have heard of the apparition of our Blessed Lady at Lourdes, the wonderful series of which began on the 11th of February, 1858. The highly-honored person to whom Our Blessed Lady appeared was a simple peasant girl of fourteen years of age, named Bernadette Soubirrous, who was a child of rather delicate health, and totally uneducated, never having been to school, or had any religious instruction; and all the prayers she knew were those of the Holy Rosary, which she frequently recited on her knees while tending her sheep. She was obedient and affectionate, and had a horror of all sin. On the day above mentioned, Bernadette, with her sister and a companion, had gone to the grotto of Massabielle to gather firewood. Her two companions had just waded across a small river to get some sticks they saw on the other side, and Bernadette was preparing to follow them, when she suddenly heard a noise like the rushing of wind, it being at the time perfectly calm; and looking towards the grotto, she saw a wild rose bush, which hung down at the side of it, swinging about. She trembled, and fell on her knees, when, "in the hollow niche above the large cave there appeared all at once to Bernadette a bright light, in the midst of which stood a lady of incomparable beauty. The brightness did not dazzle the eyes like that of the sun, but seemed to invite the sight to repose on it. The lady was of middle stature, and apparently about twenty years of age. Her beauty was heavenly—not to be compared to anything here below; her eyes were blue, and she had a look of sweetness which seemed to melt the heart of the beholder. She wore a robe of the purest white, with a white veil upon her head, which fell down her back in ample folds as low as her robe. She had a blue girdle tied loosely round her waist, and falling in two bands almost as far down as her robe. Her feet were uncovered, and a golden-colored rose appeared upon each foot. She wore no rings, nor bracelets, nor jewels, nor crown; but she had her hands joined, and from them hung a rosary, the beads of which were white like crystal, and the wires which held them together were like gold. This beautiful lady smiled upon Bernadette as though to encourage her. The child took out her rosary, and tried to make the sign of the cross, but could not. Then the lady took up the golden cross of her own rosary, and made the sign of the cross in a most grave and graceful manner, making a sign to the child to do the same, which she immediately did, and ever after made it in the same way, to the edification of all who saw her. She then devoutly recited her rosary, still on her knees, and when she had finished, the lady smiled most graciously, and made a sign to her to come near, but she was afraid. The vision then disappeared, and Bernadette saw nothing but the hollow in the rock looking as it did before.

It was with difficulty that her companions prevailed on Bernadette to tell them what she had seen when she was on her knees saying her rosary; but at last she did so under a promise of secrecy, which the children broke as soon as they got home. Bernadette's mother considered the whole story a child's fancy, but to the girl's

great grief forbade her to go to the place again.

Three days afterwards, on Quinquagesima Sunday, the 14th of February, as she came home from Mass, Bernadette entreated some of her little companions to prevail on her mother to allow her to visit the grotto again. She was advised to sprinkle the apparition with holy water should it appear again; for if it was the devil, that would drive him away; and she was told to say to it, "If you are from God, come forward; but if you come from the devil, begone!" Her mother at last consented to the visit, so, armed with a half-pint bottle of holy water, they started.

On arriving at the grotto they all knelt down and began to say the rosary, each by herself, when on a sudden the face of Bernadette appeared quite transfixed, and it was evident that she again saw the lady. Remembering her promise, she sprinkled the water as high as she could towards the lady, saying, "If you are from God, come forward!" but she was afraid to say the rest in the presence of a being so beautiful, so glorious, and so full of celestial sweetness. The lady bent forward, and came almost to the edge of the rock. She remained until Bernadette had finished her beads, then she disappeared.

When this second apparition was related to Bernadette's parents, they considered it as an illusion, knowing that the child would not tell an untruth. Her mother was afraid that her extraordinary behavior would bring the police upon them. Many people questioned the child severely, but she was always exact and consistent in her replies. There was great discussion as to who this wonderful apparition really was, and the next time Bernadette went to the grotto, which was early in the morning of the 18th of February, two ladies of Lourdes accompanied her. The same transfiguration of her countenance took place, and the two ladies desired the child to go up to the lady, and ask her to write what she wanted, they having brought paper, pen, and ink for the purpose. The little girl then spoke to the apparition, and asked her to write down who she was, and what she wished. The lady smiled at the innocent request, and replied, "What I have to say to you I need not write down. Only do me the favor to come here for the next fifteen days." Bernadette said that she would do so. The lady then made a solemn promise to the child in these words, "And I promise to make you happy, not in this world, but in the next." She further said that the two ladies and others might accompany Bernadette for the next fifteen days, as she wished to see many come. Every morning when, in pursuance of her promise, Bernadette visited the grotto, a constantly increasing crowd of people was waiting to see the wonderful ecstasy into which the child was thrown by the apparition.

A few days afterwards, the little girl was arrested and taken before the police magistrate, who subjected her to a very severe cross-examination concerning what she had seen at the grotto, but without being able to shake her testimony in any way, as her answers were always straightforward and consistent. However, he threatened her that if she went to the grotto again he would imprison her; and he only gave her up to her father on the latter promising to forbid the child to go to the grotto any more, which he did, and the next morning at daybreak sent her off to school. When she was going home to dinner, she felt an irresistible power dragging her towards the grotto; but the lady did not appear that day. In the evening her father withdrew his prohibition as to her going to see the apparition.

The next day the lady appeared, and told the girl a secret for herself, which she was not to reveal to any one in this world, and also commanded her to go and tell the priests that she desired a chapel to be built in her honor on the spot where she appeared. The parish priest, who looked upon Bernadette as an impostor, told her that he should require a proof from her that the apparition was really that of a heavenly being, and that she was to ask the lady to give her one; that as it was now the month of February, if she would cause the wild rose bush at the entrance of the grotto to blossom, he would believe in the reality of the apparition.

The child, the next time she saw the lady, told her what the priest had said; but the lady smiled and said nothing. The priest, therefore, resolved to wait and see the course of events. The lady on this occasion told her another secret for herself. Many persons called at the cottage to see Bernadette, and frequently offered her money, for her parents were very poor, but this was persistenly refused.

The next day the lady told Bernadette a last secret for herself, and then said, "And now, go and drink and wash at the fountain, and eat some of the plant which grows beside it." The child looked about for a fountain, but there was none, and never had been in the place, but with a simple faith she stooped down, and scraping the ground with her hands, began to scoop a hole in the ground. "All at once there appeared a little moisture in the hole which she had scooped out, and water began to come mysteriously, drop by drop, and fill up the hollow, which was about the size of an ordinary drinking glass. . . . Presently, the water overflowed the opening in the ground, and the next day, it gushed forth in a spring which kept growing stronger and stronger. . . . At the end of several days it ceased to increase in bulk, and became quite clear: it was then a considerable stream, about as large as a child's arm." Miraculous cures were immediately wrought by this water, and this convinced many of the most skeptical that there had been really some heavenly apparition to the child, although opinion was still divided as to who it was.

The opponents of the apparition appealed to the mayor to forbid the people to go to the grotto, which he, however, refused to do, alleging that it belonged to the bishop to decide the religious part of the question, and to the prefect to judge of what concerned the administration of justice. Thousands of persons, therefore, visited the grotto every day, but the clergy continued to keep away, justly considering that it behooved them to show every caution in such a matter. On the 2d of March, the fourteenth time of the apparition, the order for the erection of a chapel was repeated. Bernadette was told by the priest that this was a matter for the bishop. This prelate (who died in Rome during the Œcumenical Council) took every means, in concert with the parish priest of Lourdes, to procure all the information in his power. The prefect, who did not believe in the apparitions, had the grotto secretly watched day and night by soldiers and police. The 5th of March was the last day of the fortnight during which the apparition had promised to appear every day; and Bernadette, in obedience to instructions she had received, asked the lady her name, but no answer was given. After this, the child only went occasionally to the grotto, and without feeling the inward voice calling her until the 25th of March, when she again heard this voice. As soon as she knelt down, the lady

appeared to her. The child earnestly and repeatedly begged of this beautiful being to tell her who she was, and finally, "the lady had her hands joined; but at this last entreaty of the child, she disjoined them, and hung her beautiful rosary upon her right arm. Then she lowered her arms, joined her hands again very fervently, and looking up to heaven pronounced these words:

'I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.'

She immediately disappeared, and Bernadette found herself kneeling, like the multitude around her, in front of a desert rock." She hastened back to Lourdes to tell the priest the words of the vision, that the chapel might be built.

Bernadette never spoke of the apparition unless questioned concerning it, and then she always gave the same account, without variation or addition. Many valuable offerings of all kinds for the erection of the church were thrown into the grotto, the piety of the people rendering this barren rock as sacred as a sanctuary. But the Prefect took upon himself to despoil the grotto of these offerings, which were all carried away by his orders, and placed in the hands of the mayor. However, when the Emperor Napoleon heard that this had been done, and that the people were forcibly prevented from visiting the grotto, he was angry, and sent word to the Prefect that he was to leave every one at liberty to go there.

On the 28th of July, the bishop appointed a commission to inquire into all these wonderful occurrences, and they spent several months in examining Bernadette, the grotto, and the miraculous cures which had taken place. On the 18th of January, 1862, the bishop issued a pastoral, pronouncing his solemn judgment that MARY, THE IMMACULATE MOTHER OF GOD, did really appear to Bernadette at the grotto. The rocks, the grotto, and the lands around it, were purchased for the bishopric. The church, with a large crypt inclosing the grotto, was then commenced, and Mass was offered in the crypt on the 21st of May, 1866. In September, 1870, the whole church was finished up to the base of the spire, which is to be 220 feet high. Immense processions are constantly arriving to visit this holy shrine. In July, 1866, Bernadette entered the Convent of the Sisters of Charity at Navers, where, under the name of Sister Mary Bernard, she fills the office of infirmarian. She has never visited Lourdes since 1866, and her health is so delicate that but slight hopes are entertained of her being able to be present at the consecration of the new church. She is now twenty-seven years of age, and seeks only in humility to be lost and unknown in the crowd of her companion sisters.

THE CARILLON OF BUFFALO CATHEDRAL.

[The following account of this beautiful carillon is taken from a lecture on "The Romance of the Bells," recently delivered by Mr. Charles H. A Esling, of the Philadelphia Bar, in St. Joseph's Church, Willing's Alley. Mr. Charles G. Deuther, in his Life of Bishop Timon, and the religious and secular press, having already given the public all the interesting details concerning this chime, this extract is intended, not so much as a new description of the bells, as a pen-and-ink portrayal of the impression they made upon a visitor. After giving a brief account of the origin and history of chimes and carillons, the lecturer said:]

THE United States possesses two carillons, one at the Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana, the other, and by far the finer, is attached to St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo. It has been my good fortune to hear this celebrated chime to its best advantage. I had read in the public journals the description of these bells, forty-six in number, how they had been cast at Mans, how they had been purchased by the late Bishop Timon for his cathedral, and how on their way to Buffalo they had been exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867, where they were the wonder of that city of wonders. All this, together with the fulsome accounts of the grand ceremony of their baptism, at which several prelates from the United States and Canada assisted, had made me quite curious to hear them, and my curiosity was gratified when, on the evening of Saturday, the 5th of August, 1871, I, in company with several friends, found myself at Buffalo. Of one thing I was soon made aware, that if Baltimore be a city of crosses, Philadelphia a city of homes, Boston a city of flowers, Buffalo is just as certainly a city of bells, the air being constantly resonant with their musical vibrations from the various public buildings. Partly by chance and partly by design this visit to Buffalo was, fortunately, on a Sunday, and the morning saw our party on the way to the cathedral, itself a noble monument to the memory of John Timon. Being somewhat early for the late mass, we improved the time by paying our respects to the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, the present bishop. Suddenly there was a sound interrupting our conversation. "There they are!" said the bishop, as he rose and opened the window, through which came a strain of musical peals, so witchingly beautiful that I could compare it to nothing but an orchestra of a thousand harps. Then the great bass bells would break in with the sonorous sweetness of the royal prophet singing at his lyre, while the smaller chimes seemed like accompanying choirs of gambolling cherubs, whose little hearts were bursting with the ripplings of melodious joy overflowing from their silver lips.

The bishop had kindly invited us to ascend the tower and examine the bells, but the ascent being rather difficult for the ladies of the party, and I myself having some nervous hesitation about being in a close space of a hot day, with forty-six surging bells and forty-six harum-scarum boys to swing them, we contented ourselves with inspecting the key-board and cylinder of the carillon. The latter is set in motion by turning a crank. When the organist, alike of the bells and choir, wishes to perform on the bells any air independent of those tunes set on the cylinder, he uses the key-board. My unprofessional hearers will comprehend this better by remembering what I have said about the cylinder of a carillon resembling a musical box, while

the keyboard resembles a piano; the teeth of the former and the keys of the latter being attached to the bells by wires, which, being thus vibrated set the bells in motion. They play, each time they ring the Angelus, an air which varies daily. Then every quarter of an hour of the day and night is sounded by a few musical bars. Before service on Sundays and festivals, the citizens of Buffalo are treated to a half hour's concert, which terminates by a general ringing of the great bells announcing the hours of worship.

Having declined the morning's invitation to visit the tower, I was pressed by the organist to return in the afternoon, which I did. I was again early, and as the boys who work the bells with their feet, *when they ring merely for service*, had not yet arrived, the organist turned the cylinder, and after playing thereon a few airs, seated himself at the keyboard with a sheet of music before him. "Stop, sir!" I said when I saw the title of the piece; "if you are going to play that, I will go down to the street to catch the full effect." And there at the sweet hour of Vespers, 'mid the solemn stillness of an August Sunday afternoon, far from my own hearthstone, I listened spellbound as those wondrous bells sounded richly, distinctly, perfectly, first in the set bars, then with delicious variations, every note of that tenderest of ballads, "*Home, Sweet Home!*"

It was the Feast of the Transfiguration, and under the spell of that rare music I could appreciate some of the sentiments of St. Peter as he stood upon Mount Tabor, expressed in that morning's gospel, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." I then reascended the belfry, where, seated on a crossbeam, I viewed with dread suspense the tier upon tier of bells suspended over my head, each tier gradually decreasing in the size and number of its bells as they approached the apex of the steeple, while beneath my feet were the great bells weighing thousands of pounds, swaying like kites in the wind. I thought as I sat there, not knowing what minute I might be crushed to death, and almost deafened with the noise, if this is being in the steeple when only *four* bells are ringing, I'm glad I didn't come when *forty-six* were rocking the tower. But when the terror had passed away, and I descended again only to hear, a little later, mingling with the memory-echoes of those chimes, the bugle-call from Fort Porter sounding at sunset over the beautiful waters of Lake Erie, I felt as though, for the privilege of hearing that music, made by the art of man, I would be almost willing to forego the morrow's view of the mighty cataract, the divinely-intoned thunder of whose waters was almost near enough to form a bass to the silvery strains of St. Joseph's carillon.

WHY OUR CHILDREN STUDY SO MUCH AND LEARN SO LITTLE.

We are living in an age and country where constant change would seem the normal condition of the greater number. In our modes of dress, in the nature of our amusements, in the general views which we seem to take of men and things, we have as a people entirely drifted from the sentiments which guided, and the experience which directed our predecessors. In every sphere of life the spirit of change and novelty has taken possession of us, and it seems out of keeping with the generally pervading spirit to suppose for a moment that, after all, our present state of progress is due not to ourselves, but to those who have gone before us, and whose intellectual efforts we are wont to depreciate, if not to despise. That this is true not only of the ignorant who cannot think for themselves, but also of the learned, we propose to show in the following pages, in which we will give our experience of school-books and of those who compile them—an experience acquired by several years of close attention to and a careful study of the subject.

We will begin by saying that, as a whole, our system of text-books, so far as it has been moulded in the last ten years is radically wrong. We make the assertion a general one, for the exceptions, if any, but prove the general nature of the truth enunciated.

So many books are thrown upon the market not because schools need new books, but because our publishers have become so immensely wealthy, that no sooner has one firm presented a book to the public, than a dozen others enter the field, and manage to have their works introduced; and, as the number of a certain class among teachers as well as among the balance of mankind is infinite, we find thousands of the most worthless books adopted, only to be thrown out to make way for some new work issued by some considerate publisher, for the sole purpose "of meeting a want long felt." This feature of the book-trade has become so notorious, that many teachers dread few visits more than those of agents who come prepared with a series of recommendations from reverend gentlemen, learned professors, and veterans in the art of moulding the human mind. And, before we go any farther, just one word on this matter of recommendations. In our honest opinion there is no greater humbug in this age, prolific of the species, than the approbations we often have presented us—we have hundreds in our possession—recommendations of grammars, arithmetics, histories, rhetorics, and we know not how many more, including dozens indorsing physiologies—all tending to prove that the great secret has been found—a royal road to learning,—the long-sought desideratum has been attained; and, by the use of such and such a volume, the art of composition, the science of numbers, and all other arts and sciences, are brought down to the ability of the lowest comprehension, so that there can no longer be any such thing as ignorance if people will only just use Prof. ——'s new book.

The greater part of these books are approved of in such a general manner, that it is evident that even the approvers have never made a

studied and careful revision of the books sent them for examination. The formulæ adopted are almost stereotyped by this time, and except in very rare cases, no idea of the work itself can be obtained from these recommendations, so general are these in diction and in scope. Lest we may be supposed to exaggerate, we append a few specimens, making such changes as will render it difficult to detect the particular cases to which we refer. We omit dates, places, and names. Our object is not to injure any one, but to call the attention of teachers in general to the necessity of preserving that independent manhood in the profession, which will soon be lost if every scribbler who gets up a book can attain an indorsement from some too kind-hearted companion in arms.

Here is a recommendation of a history. How evident from the phraseology, that the writer has carefully read the work which he approves. "We are much pleased with Prof. ——'s new book; . . . will doubtless take its place among our favorite school-books on the subject of which it treats. The binding, paper, and type are all that can be desired; while Prof. ——'s reputation as an educator assures us that his work is just what we might expect from so eminent a scholar."

If there is a word in the above telling anything about the work we confess our inability to find it.

Another, indorsing some geographies: "We commend the book heartily to the examination of our leading educators, and believe that it will stand the most trying of all tests, that of actual use in the school-room."

This indorsement, though most flattering, really tells nothing about the book, and leaves us in complete ignorance of the approver's reasons for so indorsing it.

And lastly, for we must proceed, here is one approving "a most useful work" on Physiology: "The recent researches of advanced scholars have rendered the preparation of some such work as the present a necessity. The work may be safely relied upon, for the Messrs. —— who publish it give nothing but the best to the educational public."

We have examined this work, and find the proverbial lungs and heart—an ordinary-looking pair of lungs—a few general plates which exactly resemble those found in almanacs and quack doctors' books, and this is all we can see that has been the work of the latest researches. This species of recommendation reminds us of a certain celebrated musician, who, having been wined and feted during an entire evening, gave his host a recommendation for his pianos, stating that "there were many points in which these pianos were equal to the very best." When asked how he could have given such instruments his official sanction, he replied that "certain points, such as the *legs and cover*, were equal to those of the best pianos he had ever used." There is an aspect in this matter of recommendations which we cannot pass unnoticed. When the publishers wish to cater to the ideas of a certain part of their patrons, circulars are sent, containing only such notices as come from parties whom these patrons most respect, carefully avoiding the insertion of such notices as would show these very parties that, if Catholics approve certain books because they contain no bigotry, other parties approve of them because they contain no popery.

As a Catholic teacher we say, that a book should never be approved simply because it does not belie us in our religion or in our history. Have we descended so

low as Catholic teachers that publishers think they can receive our congratulations merely because they consent to tell no lies about us? For a Catholic to *approve* a book, it should contain not only no untruth, but it should moreover tell a certain amount of the whole truth about Catholic questions. What history of the United States gives fair play to Catholics—tells even a tenth part of what Catholic missionaries have done for the country? What history tells the real motives which induced Columbus to undertake and Isabella to encourage the discovery of a new world? We have a detailed account of the Pilgrim fathers and their doings, but scarcely a passing reference to the glorious history of our early priests and monks in the virgin forests of the land, which owes their rescue from oblivion to Catholic genius and Catholic treasure. The glaring errors contained in certain school histories, "approved" by some of our Catholic professors, errors which have been cited in the Catholic journals of the country, should teach us that an approbation granted frequently to rid one's self of the constantly renewed attacks of an agent, may do much more harm than we can imagine at the moment.

A very suggestive question arising from the foregoing remarks is the following: Of what use to have Catholic schools, if the text-books, such as histories, geographies, &c., have all the material drawn from partial sources? In speaking of history we refer particularly to the history of the United States, for the compilations pretending to be general histories are the most complete failures. Thus we have had to use a general history in which the different ancient countries receive each six or eight pages, and there is such an uninteresting style that this easy study, so easy if properly directed, becomes one of the most difficult to teach, and boys after going through such a work are supposed to know history! How much better if by a judicious arrangement, to be embraced as suggested in the last portion of this paper, our Readers were made to comprise a certain portion of historical research, then less would be left to commit to memory, and our scholars would at least know something more about Babylon than a description of its hanging gardens, and of Egypt besides a short account of the burial customs and the Pyramids. These countries certainly deserve more than the passing notice which they receive, but like everything else, so long as the present cramming and skimming processes are continued, we need expect boys to know very little, and to remember still less of anything they study.

It may seem to those who have never attempted it a most simple affair to examine a book and to pronounce upon its merits, yet such is far from being the case. The more the work under examination deals in facts, the more closely should it be scrutinized. In mathematical works an experienced teacher will, in a comparatively short time, see all the new ideas or advanced methods which the work may contain, especially if it be one for grammar or high-schools. In a geography or history, the case is different. There twenty different statements of the same occurrence may be given, and it becomes the duty of the examiner to look closely into every portion of this geography or history, and see to it that no side knocks are allowed to be given historical truth on the sly. To do this requires an amount of time which very few teachers competent to the task of reviewing a work can spare. In this way works are approved by well-meaning and even efficient teachers without their having been

previously thoroughly reviewed, and thus younger teachers, or those living in retired districts, seeing that such and such books are approved of by men whom they respect on account of their position, introduce them, and only find out after the books have been used for awhile how far they fall short of being what was expected.

It is doing an injustice to persons in high authority to insist on their saying something in favor of a book. Publishers will not of course take this view of the case, because it would be against their material interests, but the fact remains none the less true on that account. For if it is difficult for a teacher, who is supposed to be constantly using just such books as those he is called upon to examine, to do even something like justice to himself in the appreciation which he expresses of this book, how much more difficult must it be for others, not employed in teaching, however high their position otherwise, to give anything like a correct opinion of the fitness or unfitness of such and such a book for school purposes. Be it remembered that a book may please us very much while reading it, and still be entirely unfit for use in the schoolroom, and perhaps precisely because a book reads well, may it be unfit as a book to be memorized.

In books, as in society, there may be such a thing as unfitness in a work, simply because it is too perfect. Utopian ideas are very good as ideas; practically, we know to what they amount. School-books, in the same way, may present splendid methods, in as far as they are methods, but their practicability can only be tested by those whose every-day experience in the schoolroom enables them to detect at once what is merely a good to be desired, from a result which may be effected.

What is true about the difficulty of conscientiously approving a school-book is equally applicable to views expressed of works of fiction, or of new books, by our Catholic journalists. There is too much gingerbreadism entirely in the way in which some Catholic journals criticize Catholic publications. Thus one or two of our richest Catholic firms republish works which, for the good of Catholic taste and the honor of Catholic literature, should either be left unrepublished, or be so far corrected as to be acceptable to the better class of Catholic readers. It may be humiliating to those concerned, but self-respect obliges intelligent Catholics to see for themselves before accepting such and such a book, be it historical, metaphysical, or of a lighter grade, even though it happens to be published by some Catholic firm. If called upon we are prepared to take five or six books, if not more, from one of our Catholic trade lists, and to show that these same books, if published by Protestants, would have excited the ire and aroused the indignation of every Catholic journalist whose attention might be called to the works to which we refer; and yet, strange to say, because a Catholic publisher has thus dared to insult Catholic feelings, or to publish untheological works, scarcely one of our journalists has raised his voice in condemnation of this nefarious traffic.

In the past few years the "Catholic Publication Society," and two or three other firms, have made considerable effort, and with marked success, to give us a better class and a more extended list of good Catholic works in the line of fiction, but it is to be regretted that their laudable example has not been more generally followed. It is on this account that among the greatest difficulties of a Catholic teacher is that of finding suitable books for premiums or school rewards. If

these cannot be furnished us by Catholic firms, we will be obliged to do for premiums what we do for school-books, take the best we can find from among the least objectionable books published by Protestant firms. At all events, books published by Protestants will always be received with a certain amount of suspicion, and evil will be looked for in them. Forewarned forearmed, they say. Thus, errors of judgment, historical misrepresentations, if found in these books will produce less evil, than if errors of principle be found in books published by Catholic firms.

These remarks are much more extended than we had originally designed; but the importance of the subject justifies the length of the remarks thereto applied.

To return to our main point: let us take up geographies. We will take up this branch of a common education, and say that we have tried for the past five years to get through with even a portion of one of the best series of geographies and have failed. We have before us a geography containing say one hundred pages, about one-half being filled with direct questions, say at least one hundred to the page. Now let us suppose a geography lesson given three times a week, and thirty questions learned in each lesson, we have just about one-third of the book learned at the end of the year, supposing as much attention is given to the reading portion of the work as to the direct questions, and still we are expected to throw this book to one side at the end of a term, to take up the next higher book of the series. What is the result? The details are so numerous that the essential portions of the lesson are lost in the mass of supernumerary data, and children learn neither one point nor the other thoroughly. The study of geography becomes, with our present system of text-books, a mere localizing of places, to which may be added a few general ideas about productions, &c., and here our information ends. No time can be taken for the explanation of the various mathematical figures given to illustrate mathematical geography, unless we wish to teach little else than geography, and this is precisely what many of our public school teachers do to-day. Their scholars are noted for being proficient in this branch. But so much time has to be taken for this simple study that more important branches, such as grammar, arithmetic, and penmanship, are, comparatively speaking, neglected. Where the teacher wishes to act conscientiously, the great difficulty becomes not what he shall teach, but what he shall not omit, from the voluminous mass of matter before him. There are a hundred other ideas on this single branch of common education which we must leave untouched, for we must take up another subject in which we shall find the text-books no more fortunately compiled than in the former.

In no branch have we such a diversity of views, such a profusion of works, as in the grammatical arena. To such extremes have views on this subject been carried, that the best teachers are forced to say that almost anything will do in matter of parsing, provided you can find somebody to agree with you. Thus we have Smith, Pinneo, Sullivan, Wells, Hart, Brown, Quackenbos, Ker, &c., all at war, making confusion doubly confounded, and why? Because in our State schools there is such a market for new things that almost any work will be adopted by some "board," provided the publishers can make the matter "right," apart from the favorable apparent conditions of introduction. We are not condemning any of the above authors. We only say that fewer

would be better, and that fewer would be in the market were corruption less rampant in high places, in educational boards and committees. This leads us to a reflection painful to make, but which the revelations of every day force upon us. Rings being the order of the day, they exist not only among politicians and speculators, but equally among our public school officials. It is a notorious fact that changes of books are made, and introductions effected, oftener by force of money than from any consideration of good to be produced by a change. When publishers can, by spending a few thousands, secure the entire field of a State for three or five years, it should not astonish us that they make the necessary advances. In this connection we may remark that boards of trade offer but little resistance to the evils of which we complain. Regulations and by-laws may be made, but they are effective only with the smaller dealers, and even seldom with them, leaving the others, as the Irish Liberator used to say, "to ride coach and six" through these regulations and restraints.

It is often hinted that Catholic schools are behind the age, because they hold on to the old books. Well, perhaps Rubenstein, Mehlig, Thomas, and other distinguished musicians, are all wrong, because they insist that Beethoven, Mozart, &c., are to be held on to still in preference to the thousand and one jig-masters of to-day. Catholics can stand the criticisms of those who say they are too slow, just as well as the artists referred to above can bear the imputation that they understand nothing about the sweet concord of harmonizing sounds.

Then all the discoveries and improvements pretended to have been made in late years, when reduced to what they really contain, offer little that we did not possess several years ago. The other day an agent presented us with a work, *the first of the kind ever brought out in this country.* So said our agent. We made no reply, but turned aside, and within our reach found a "Christian Brothers' Third Book of Reading Lessons," containing in principle everything which our compiler claims to have originated. We have consulted many leading educators among our friends, and they are all of opinion that we have too many Readers in all the series published. We would ask how can children be supposed to read understandingly, at first sight, what it has cost the greatest minds weeks and months of patient thought to compose. As a rule, our Readers are filled with the choicest selections. Precisely on this account do we need few books in a series—for to use any book to advantage, time must be given not only to master the pronunciation of the words in the various lessons, but also to master the meaning of each lesson as a whole. Thus, take the well-known selection, "Three Days in the Life of Columbus." This can be easily read in ten minutes, but we defy any teacher to make a scholar of ordinary intellect master the spirit of this one selection in less than three or four lessons. And let us bear in mind that a good teacher will suit his explanations not to the superior talent of exceptional scholars but to the ordinary capacity of the many. It may be said that this way of teaching reading will amount to a lesson in elocution. Supposing it does—that is what every lesson in reading should amount to. We have so few good and agreeable readers because the reading lesson is not made a speaking lesson—a lesson wherein each author would be made to speak his piece without the gestures, through the scholar who may be reading. But, if we have to get through five

or six portly volumes during the three or four years which scholars spend in intermediate or grammar schools, it is simply impossible to do anything like justice to so ordinary a branch as reading, while the present system is carried into practical working. What is true of the number of Readers in the various collections is equally true of our systems of writing. Generally speaking, there are from ten to fourteen numbers or copies in a system. Well, experienced teachers know that to carry out any such a system is the merest nonsense. We have fewer expert writers to-day in our common schools than were to be found fifteen years ago. How is this? The reason is simple. Children become bewildered with the multiplicity of explanations and diagrams given. Authors of these systems talk about angular spaces, curves, &c., forgetting that to a child not knowing anything about such things, penmanship is a matter of direction, and of the eye much more than of the intellect. Even in so simple a matter as that of penmanship, our publishers are adepts only at spoiling, for we have before us two of the most pretentious systems in the country, one published by perhaps the largest publishing house in the Eastern States, the other by a gentleman who claims to be at the head of the art of calligraphy, and who undoubtedly knows a great deal about what he undertakes to teach. In both these systems claiming to be original we have an imperfect, because an incomplete imitation of the Christian Brothers' System of Penmanship, which was crowned as a superior system as early as the London Exhibition of 1858.

Before we finish, let us say one word on manuals of literature, with which the market, within the past three years, has been stocked. We are pleased to know that much more attention is paid to the art of composition at the present day than was devoted thereto previously, but we are forced to say that in some of these books there would seem to be a bid for the Catholic patronage in a way which we do not admire. Thus, in one of the latest books issued on the subject, Catholic authors are mentioned in considerable numbers, but, while infidel writers, or at least such as have had no religious element in their writings, have several selections from their writings presented to our youths, scarcely a line from any of the Catholic authors mentioned is presented for our perusal. Is it to be imagined that England, Hughes, Spalding, and so many others mentioned, have written nothing which could be presented to the generality of scholars without trespassing on their religious convictions, if they have any? We leave the onus of such one-sided selecting on the responsible parties, promising, for one, to have nothing to do with works which ask our patronage without giving us a fair share of publicity. Or, perhaps the sayings of Josh Billings on rats, or his ideas on bugs, or the witticisms of Mrs. Partington on War with Turkey, may be considered more fitting reading matter for our scholars than selections from the speeches of Hughes on the rights of conscience, of Spalding on Lafayette, or England on the dignity of worship. From any of these there could be taken matter which would have gone as far and as well to make up a big book as anything which Mrs. Partington, Josh Billings, or Mark Twain may have written. If Catholic journalists who receive such books, would treat them not unjustly, but precisely on their merits, soon these rich publishers, who seek and desire our patronage, would not only apparently but really do us justice.

It may be replied that this book

was not prepared for Catholic schools and colleges. True, but was it expressly prepared for any other institutions? Where all are concerned, justice is due to the individual, and if an exception is to be made against Catholic writers, let Catholics in return retaliate by refusing at least an *approbation* to what they may be forced to use for want of any more satisfactory work.

We might continue this criticism to much greater length, and show that in the preparation of our algebras, arithmetics, works on natural philosophy, &c., we are no better off than in the matter of geographies, grammars, readers, systems of penmanship, and rhetorics and manuals of literature. We have not time to do so, nor is it necessary. Before concluding this paper we must state what, in our opinion, is the chief reason why our text-books are so diffuse and consequently so unsuited to our schools. One publisher engages a professor whose hobby is grammar, to prepare a manual on that subject, under the impression that boys can become scholars by the study of grammar alone. This author gets up a book which may have cost him four or five years to compile, after he has mastered the subject, and children are expected in less time than this to learn what it has cost a teacher so many years to put together. A geographer in the same way is employed, who is convinced that all other branches must give way to his special study, and we will have four or five books issued, each of which would take at least two years to master, say eight or ten years in all, and even the most ordinary scholar is expected to get through all these books in less than half that time. We might go through an enumeration of the different other branches taught in our schools, and show that an exclusive man is not the person to prepare a class-book which treats on a subject which can only receive its small share of the teacher's or the scholar's attention. How are we to manage then? We will give our views, and we think there is still so much room left for a good series of text-books in all departments of science that it will repay some enterprising firm to undertake the carrying out of our suggestions. Let a few practical teachers be selected, and be formed into a board of compilers, let the extent of each work be previously determined in keeping with the relative importance it bears to the other branches of a practical course of studies, let there be but few books in each series—say two in the study of geography, one in grammar, two, or at most three, in arithmetic, one in algebra, and three in reading. We are not giving figures at random, but are prepared to give reasons for those we suggest. The man or men who will undertake to encourage this work will find that a grateful response will come from every book-ridden teacher in the land who is not connected with some ring, nor bought up by some publishing firm; from every teacher who is engaged in the profession through love for the profession itself. The firm which will undertake this necessary work will deserve well of the country, and will have no reason to repent of the attempt, which must be made sooner or later, unless we wish to have the present butterfly system of study continued till such time as real scholarship or even ordinary competency in the common branches of instruction shall have disappeared with the advent of the present generation of scholars on the stage of public life.

There is a French proverb which tells us to "dread the man of one book." We will say that we never fear any scholar who has attempted to wade through our present mul-

tiplied school-books. Any one who has endeavored in so short a time to master so much of so many things, has just attempted to grasp with his intellectual hand what is entirely beyond his power to retain, and what will infallibly injure the power of future grasp where it does not destroy.

Should these hurried thoughts on a most important subject call even the passing attention of teachers and publishers thereto, we shall consider that our time has been well employed, and our attempt at a much-needed reform most successful.

EARLY YEARS OF A CATHOLIC LEADER.

I.

Charles Forbes René de Montalembert was born in London on the 15th May, 1810. He was the son of a noble French *emigré*, who had married an Englishwoman, the daughter of James Forbes, and it was to his English grandfather that he owed the training of his earliest years. It is true he was only nine when death deprived him of this relative, but we may imagine that with a thoughtful, precocious child, a bent was given to his character, inclining him to those studious and industrious habits, which did not forsake him in after-life. His father, the Count de Montalembert, was leading the changeful life attendant on the position of a soldier, having entered the Indian service, probably introduced to it by his father-in-law. Thus, at the age of fifteen months, Charles was left under the care of his grandfather. The picture thus presented to us is a very interesting one, the child forming the one object and consolation of the old man, who, on returning from India, had settled at Stanmore, near Harrow, and who seems to have had no thought, even in his literary labors, save the instruction and happiness of his baby companion.

The old man, who had a strong taste for natural science, would sit poring over the researches and experiences of past years, arranging them in such a way as should be most valuable to the child ever at his side, and who would carry on his little sports as quietly as possible, not to disturb those studies. James Forbes had written several books; but one in particular, the *Oriental Memoirs*, had earned him a certain reputation. This work, which is chiefly on the natural history of Eastern countries, he determined to utilize for the benefit of his grandchild. To the printed matter which had already been published, he added illustrations and remarks which increased the work to many folio volumes. In the Bodleian Library strangers are shown a copy of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, illustrated in this manner, forming we are afraid to say how many volumes in elephant folio. Immense sums of money must have been spent on forming this collection of prints and plans. Such, in a small way, was the copy of the *Oriental Memoirs* of which we are speaking. It was enriched with family portraits by his own hand, and for a frontispiece had a likeness of Charles de Montalembert in his babyhood.

The child was not ungrateful for

the old man's love; through life these ponderous volumes were carefully cherished; nor did his future in any way prove such as might have disappointed the grandfather's affection, though probably it was far different from what his hopes had sketched. As Charles grew older, he became more and more of a companion to Mr. Forbes, generally travelling with him to Brighton and other places. Count de Montalembert was selected to announce to Louis XVIII the relegation of Napoleon to Elba, and was afterwards called to the Chamber of Peers by the grateful monarch. At this time he gave up military life in favor of diplomacy, and Mr. Forbes paid him a visit in France. Even then the little one was not forgotten, and the letters describing the grandfather's thoughts and observations were transcribed into a kind of journal for the amusement of the boy of six years old. There must have been a strong element of quaintness about a child reared after this fashion; but it need not have been in any way destructive of childish *naïveté*, for we sometimes see that constant association with older people only gives children a facility of expression which merely enables them to put into words those half exalted, half simple ideas, which are so characteristic of the more thoughtful among them. In one of his letters Mr. Forbes gives an anecdote of his little favorite, which brings him vividly before us in this light. It is dated April 28, 1818:

"I told you, my dear Eliza, that I should take Charles to his school as soon as possible after his birthday, and so I did; for as he well knew at Paris that I loved him too much to keep him from his studies at the Scotch College there, when only seven years old, it operates more powerfully now he is eight. However, be that as it may, the day of our separation arrived last week, to me a trial of no common kind, for, except at short intervals, I have never lived alone for fifty-one years until now, and I felt it deeply. I told him I would take him after breakfast, or, if he liked it better, he might dine with me, and we would go to the school in the evening. He hesitated a little, and then said: 'As I am to go, I had rather go at once.'

"We accordingly set off, and when about halfway to Fulham, observing him looking about very carefully, I asked him what he wanted? He said he was taking notice whether there were any houses near us. I replied, this part of the road was more free from houses than any other, adding, 'But what can that signify?' He then clung his little arms round my neck, nestled his little head in my bosom, and gave one sob, saying, in a half-stifled voice, 'Now, my dear grandpapa, as you have taught me always to speak truth, and to conceal nothing from you, let me entreat of you to answer as truly the question which I shall now put to you.' I promised him I would; and I now give to you and Montalembert the very words in which this sweet child thus addressed me:

"'You know, my dear grandpapa, that I have left my papa and mamma, my brother and sister, at Stuttgart, to be your child; and now you and I are everything to each other until we see them again. Tell me, therefore—but you must tell me truly—if since we left Paris I have been the boy you expected and wished me to be, and if you love me as much as when we were there all together?' It was almost too much for me; but I could with truth assure him that he had been all, and even more than all, I anticipated. 'Then,' said he, 'I am the happiest boy in the world; nor

shall I drop one tear when you leave me.' Nor did he."

In this extract, we scarcely know which touches us most, the solitary feelings of the old man, who, towards the close of a worldly career, had preserved such warmth and freshness of affection as to find the separation from a child of eight a "trial of no common kind," or, on the other hand, the appreciation of this love, and ready response to it, of the amiable boy.

In another year this beautiful friendship was to end sadly. Charles was accompanying his grandfather on a visit to his parents, they crossed France together, but at Aix-la-Chapelle Mr. Forbes died, leaving the child alone among strangers till the arrival of his parents. But though removed so early from the actual life of his beloved *protégé*, the old man never ceased to hold a place in his loving memory, while it is evident that the training of those early years was not lost upon Charles. It can hardly be doubted that the vigor and industry of his after-life had their foundation laid when under the example and precepts of his English grandfather. From this period a change naturally occurred in the boy's position. He returned to the guardianship of his own parents, and we cannot suppose he was exempt from that loneliness in the midst of his own family, which is the portion generally of those who are brought up apart.

For a few years we know little about Charles, but at thirteen he began to keep a journal, so we are then furnished with a record of his daily actions and thoughts. Very soon the lamentations over time spent in gayety show that the grandfather's teaching has not been in vain. The keen sense of duty he implanted takes alarm and vents itself in the regret of a "day lost, like so many others." Already Charles had developed political sentiments. At the age of twelve he insisted on his little brother Arthur swearing fidelity to the Charter. Arthur, being only ten years, was not so enthusiastic, and inquired with some trepidation—"*Mais qu'est ce que c'est que la Charte?*"

At about thirteen years of age, Charles made his first communion, receiving the preparatory instructions in the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, in the Rue du Bac; there it was also that later on he heard Mass for the last time. With a father immersed in diplomatic pursuits, while his mother was engaged in the gayeties almost inseparable from her position, it was perhaps natural that Charles's education should have been somewhat neglected, but when he was fourteen, they were resumed under M. Gobert; the Abbé Nicolle, head of the College of Sainte Barbe, occasionally examining him as to the progress of his studies. But his journal still bore testimony of his dissatisfaction at his tardy advance, and to his impatience against the amusements which he looked upon as a waste of time. It also contained an account of his reading.

In his memoir, by Mrs. Oliphant, we are told how he writes down

—"his opinions of all the authors he reads, new and old, delivering judgment upon Sallust and Tacitus, upon Shakspeare and Racine and Corneille, with a delicious simplicity. The earliest critical record of his reading—dated from '23 to '25, between his thirteenth and fifteenth years—gives also a careful summary of many modern books; but the boy's verdict upon the greater writers is more amusing in its straightforward decisiveness. He makes even a little catalogue of the plays of Shakspeare, by way of expressing his verdict more clearly. The *Tempest* he

finds 'sublime in some parts, but in others ridiculous.' The *Midsummer Night's Dream* (he was too young to enter into the humor of Bottom) '*un peu ennuyeux*.' *Twelfth Night* he finds 'mediocre,' but *King Lear* is 'sublime,' *Hamlet* 'divine;' and he describes *Othello* as 'too touching.'"

Further on—

"After giving analysis of a serious work upon English law, the boy, not quite fifteen, adds, with some solemnity — 'Few works have produced so much impression upon me as this. It has convinced me of *what I had long suspected*, that England is the first nation in the world.'"

The boy who had been trained quietly in his grandfather's study had evidently also acquired a taste for studious and industrious pursuits. Not only does his journal betray a thoughtfulness beyond his years; the simple regularity of its entries shows those habits of application which gradually developed into a character of unusual strength and energy. When he was sixteen, he entered the College of Sainte Barbe, where he formed some strong ties of friendship, especially one with a M. Leon Cornudet. These two youths bound themselves by a solemn consecration to devote their lives to the cause of "God and freedom." It was clear that Charles's heart was still devoted to the cause of religion, even amidst the lax and infidel influences that surrounded him, though later in life he added his testimony against the irreligious atmosphere of public schools in France. In a letter of this date, he says that, as he has known how to hold to his religion in the midst of a hundred and twenty unbelievers, he hopes that he may also have the grace "not to lose his principles of independence in the midst of a dozen absolutists" whom he was going to visit.* Charles Montalembert's college life seems to have been a tolerably happy one, but through all the pleasures of youth his thoughts pressed forward to the time when he might be of some service to his country by propagating his cherished dream of freedom. Visionary as may have been some of his patriotic theories, it must be borne in mind that they were far removed from the republican tendencies which arrogate to themselves the same name. It must also be remembered that his devotion to the Church, and consequently to God's laws, was a deeper and stronger feeling than even his admiration for freedom, though there was evidently a question in his mind as to how these two cravings should be satisfied. His journal also shows that his own home had not become thoroughly congenial to him, since the thoughtful high-souled youth could not fail to experience some loneliness amid the distractions and dissipations of an ambassador's household. In the year 1828 he gained a prize for a speech in French, which seems to have been the only distinction he won at college, and the following year, when he left, he could not restrain some vexation at having failed to terminate his career by winning some token of success.

If we can imagine such a thing as one of our young gentlemen, full of noble aspirations, prompting him to devote himself to the service of the Church in a public life, and desiring, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, to fit himself for such a career, after the example of M. de Montalembert, it is but fair to say that the model here set before us is one of extreme, even of excessive, industry. We fear that the "gentlemen philosophers" of

* To M. Cornudet. Contemporain, p. 405.

some of our own colleges will hardly unite over the following programme, given by M. Foisset:

"The routine was as follows: 'He rose at four o'clock, at half-past four he studied alternately Greek philosophy in Xenophon, and German history in Pfeffel. From six to half-past seven, after a short interval of reading, which he gave up to a poet, he did his task of mathematics. At half-past seven came breakfast and recreation with his fellow-students. From eight to ten, a mathematical class, followed by recreation for half an hour. From half-past ten to a quarter past twelve, study or class of physics. Then dinner. At a quarter to one, a lesson in chemistry twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays; on other days recreation in company with a friend. From two o'clock to a quarter past four, a class of philosophy. At a quarter past four, *gouter* and recreation. From four to six, reading of philosophical works. From six to half-past seven, study of the philosophy lesson. At half-past seven, recreation, or study continued in his own room. At half-past eight, supper and prayers. At nine o'clock, our young collegian, having returned to his own room, read a Greek or Latin poet, and afterwards studied Greek history in Thucydides or Xenophon till ten o'clock. From ten to eleven, it was the turn of German history in Pfeffel or Schiller. On Sundays there was a lesson in Greek and the reading of Plato.'"

It is, of course, obvious that all this was too much for an ordinary head. The wonder is that Charles de Montalembert did not break down under it, as he was not a youth to take things too easily. But then, the want of outdoor life, of games, of exercise, is almost as alarming to our English ideas, as the combination of so many different lines of study, and the apparent absence of the practice of composition seems to be contrary to all true theories of educational training.

Nevertheless, we have the best evidence of the manliness and seriousness which this system either produced or fostered in the young Montalembert. The college friendship to which we have alluded above has been valuable to us, since through it we have been enriched with letters from his pen, which manifest the loftiness of his aim in life, as well as the tenderness of his heart, while throughout there runs an evidence of that keen sense of the value of time which was so eminently characteristic of his nature. After some sentences dedicated to friendship he writes:

"I will resume my arguments in favor of that distaste for the world which I experience. I have already told you that very *seldom*, indeed, I might say *never*, have I found pleasure in such society as may be termed the *grand monde*. I have always felt myself out of place there. I have fancied myself a nuisance to others, and certainly I have been a nuisance in my own eyes. Besides, I had a just and reasonable motive for not caring for the world. I knew that while taking part in it I was losing time most terribly, and I could only feel a proud compassion for myself when compelled to do what was injuring me, while it afforded me no amusement.

"People say that youth is the time for enjoying the pleasures of society. I consider this opinion a complete paradox. It strikes me, on the contrary, that it is during youth we should devote ourselves with the utmost energy to whatever profession we may embrace. Ah! when a man has paid the tribute which he owes his country, when he can face the world crowned with

civic or military laurels, or at least enjoying universal esteem; when he is sure of commanding admiration and respect from all around him, then a man has a right to amuse himself in the world, and to appear there with confidence. I can imagine Pitt and Fox leaving the House where they had subdued their adversaries by sublime eloquence, to enjoy the pleasure of a cheerful dinner; I can conceive that after fifty years of glory, Grattan might amuse himself in playing hide-and-seek with young girls. But when one is only an obscure and unknown mortal, when one is mixed up in the crowd of other men, or at least with those fashionables who fancy themselves obliged to wander every night into three or four houses where one is stifled, under the pretence of amusement—then I can see in this neither pleasure nor honor; I see in it only a guilty waste of time and a mortal weariness. . . . I do not blame those young men who are even very worldly, I only pity them; for I feel tolerably sure that their hearts must be devoid of all elevated sentiments. My short experience has taught me a truth which I have engraved upon my mind,—that in private life, at least, all things are ordained for the best. Therefore I thank God that I have been so tremendously bored in society, since that disgusted me with it for the future."

II.

The Count de Montalembert was still at the Court of Sweden, so on joining his family, Charles had to mix more than ever in the gay circles which had before been so distasteful. This repugnance, however, was partly owing to the bashfulness of his age, and was moderated after a time, though he never acquired any love for frivolity, nor did he abate the earnestness of his studies, which, of course, took an historical turn, in pursuance of his attachment to the cause of liberty. A letter written about this time to his friend M. Rio, is full of high hopes for the triumph of the Church when allied with the cause of freedom, urging upon him that religious faith is not a power that checks progress, that its advance is more bold and certain than merely rational independence. These thoughts may be taken almost as the keynote of his life, for he never abandoned these views, though he had cause to modify his early enthusiasm. Probably at this time his grandfather's library worked an unseen influence upon young Montalembert, since the speeches of Burke and Grattan, we are told, were his favorite books.

The fame of O'Connell also had a powerful attraction for him, and thus Ireland won his warmest sympathies. He proposed writing a history of the country, and for that purpose desired to visit it, but these plans were upset by a domestic trial. When he first arrived in Stockholm, he had attached himself warmly to his sister Elise, who was then first making her appearance in society, but ere long she began to droop, and the doctor insisted on her immediate removal to a more genial climate. There was only Charles who could escort his mother and sister to Paris. Unwillingly, therefore, the cherished scheme for Ireland had to be given up. But the sacrifice was in vain, the party had only just reached Besançon when the poor girl became suddenly worse and died, after receiving the last sacraments from the hand of Cardinal de Rohan, bishop of Besançon. This loss was a sad grief to Charles, especially as he reproached himself for his disinclination to devote himself to the journey. So serious a termination to his sister's illness had never occurred to his boyish imagination, but none the less did he blame himself

in exaggerated terms for his own fancied negligence, while alone with his mother he continued his mournful journey to Paris. It was the close of 1829, a time of some political importance, but he does not seem to have taken such interest in public events as might have been expected, owing partly, we may suppose, to his prolonged absence from France, which inclined his mind to dwell upon foreign politics and abstract questions, rather than on the events that were then going on around him.

However, his time did not slip by heedlessly; he devoted himself to study, and commenced his literary labors by an article on Sweden. This was shown to M. Guizot, who was editor of the *Revue Française*. He accepted it, but by exercising his editorial privilege of cutting it down to half its original length, inflicted a severe pang upon the early pride of authorship. At about this time also, Montalembert began to contribute to the *Correspondant*, for which he always continued to write. Regarding an article on Ireland which he wrote for the latter, and also the article on Sweden, he records with a tone of demure regret that one of his friends finds the paper on Sweden, "wearisome," and that on Ireland, "commonplace," adding philosophically enough that this is "disappointing," but better than insincere praise. After such patient submission to his adverse critic, we feel some satisfaction on his account in ascertaining that the Count de Montalembert, when he rejoined his son in Paris, was surprised as well as delighted on discovering that he was the author of the paper on Sweden. During this year, Charles Montalembert made acquaintance with several whose names have since become known to fame. He met Lamartine, and became intimate with Sainte Beuve as well as with Victor Hugo.

Once more the idea of an Irish history presented itself to his mind. Victor Cousin, whom he had known several years, endeavored to dissuade him, suggesting other plans, but at any rate, the journey to Ireland, which had been intended as a preliminary step, was not deferred. Had young Montalembert foreseen the revolution about to break out in his own country, his patriotism would have held him fast in Paris, for he returned there at once on receiving the intelligence. But his father, who was connected with the Government, could scarcely relish his son's taking active part on the other side. No sooner, therefore, did Charles appear, than he was sent back to resume his journey. Perhaps he saw enough of the aspect of affairs to reconcile him to a neutral attitude, since he writes, "Freedom never gains anything by such violent movements. It lives by slow and successive conquests, perseverance and patience." Again then he turned towards the Green Isle, which had long been an object of so much thought and sympathy with him. His chief aim was to make acquaintance with O'Connell, who was then in the zenith of his popularity. Towards Derrynane, therefore, he bent his steps, and his biographer gives us a pleasant sketch of the expedition.

"Young Montalembert travelled in the most picturesque manner. He made the journey on horseback, taking with him a little Irish boy as guide, who led him across the hills, and chattered to him with all that ready wit which characterizes the nation. The traveller was delighted with the intelligence of the boy, who astonished him by a perfect knowledge of all the recent events in France, and by the vehemence of his hatred towards England. In this locality the latter sentiment, which elsewhere might have roused some feeling within

the breast of the young man, who was himself half English, seems to have appeared to him at once pleasing and natural, and when the bright-eyed little fellow, mounted behind him, began to chant the Psalms with which both were so familiar, and to waken the mountain echoes with the Litany of the Virgin, his conquest was complete. The picture is one which will move the reader, whatever his prejudices may be. The great mountains on all sides, with all their varied slopes, folding in these young figures, moving specks of human life in the great desolate, yet splendid landscape; the stars coming out in the soft skies of August, at that hour when the Angelus sounds, and the peace of night drops gently down upon the weary day; the clear, sweet, childish voice, mellow in its softened brogue, pealing forth its *Ave Maria;* and the young stranger, with this voice of home in his ears, and his heart full of enthusiasm for the Church, the universal Mother, and of reverent devotion towards all the holy and sacred things included in her worship. If the heart of the youth was taken by storm, depressed as it was and full of agitation, who could wonder? The child's litany was more than an act of worship; it was the voice of universal brotherhood, of a sympathy wide as the earth and high as the heaven."

At the end of his journey, however, Charles Montalembert was to meet with that disappointment which so often lies in wait for hero worship. The "Liberator" received him well, but, perhaps, did not know enough about his visitor to appreciate him. He ushered him at once into the family circle, and Charles, instead of discussing the welfare of nations with his host, found himself thrown amid a noisy party sitting down twenty-five to dinner.

During his stay in Ireland, the young man came across O'Connell once more, but saw no cause to revoke the judgment formed on his first disenchantment. A little very natural mortification may have influenced him at finding himself of so little personal interest to a man whom he had elevated into the ideal. However, Ireland did not share the opinion which Charles Montalembert formed of her patriot. In the country and her people his interest appeared unfailing; indeed, his own devout mind would incline him to appreciate those scenes of piety which he has so vividly described. He afterwards published some of his observations, as follows:

"I shall never forget the first mass which I heard in a country chapel. I rode to the foot of a hill, the lower part of which was clothed with a thick plantation of oak and fir, and alighted from my horse to ascend it. I had taken only a few steps on my way, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who knelt at the foot of one of the firs; several others became visible in succession in the same attitude; and the higher I ascended, the larger became the number of these kneeling peasants. At length, on reaching the top of the hill, I saw a cruciform building, badly built of stone, without cement, and covered by thatch. Around it knelt a crowd of robust and vigorous men, all uncovered, though the rain fell in torrents, and the mud quivered beneath them. Profound silence reigned everywhere. It was the Catholic chapel of Blarney, and the priest was saying mass. I reached the door at the moment of the elevation, and all this pious assembly had prostrated themselves with their faces on the earth. I made an effort to penetrate under the roof of the little chapel, thus overflowed by worshippers. There were no seats,

no decorations, not even a pavement, the floor was of earth, damp and stony, the roof dilapidated, and tallow candles burned on the altar in place of tapers (*cierges*). . . . . When the holy sacrifice was ended, the priest mounted his horse, and rode away. Then each worshipper rose from his knees, and went slowly homeward; some of them wandering harvesters, carrying their reaping hooks, turned their steps towards the nearest cottage, to ask the hospitality to which they considered they had a right; others, with their wives *en croupe*, went off to their distant homes. Many remained for a much longer time in prayer, kneeling in the mud, in that silent inclosure, chosen by the poor and faithful people in the times of ancient persecutions."

Again, after regretting that he had not been a witness in any great crisis of her history, he writes—

"I have only shared her daily piety. I have but seen in passing her habitual trials and virtues. Often on Sunday, when entering an Irish town, I have seen the streets incumbered with kneeling figures of laboring men in all directions, turning their looks always towards some low doorway, some obscure lane which led to the Catholic chapel, built behind the houses in those times of persecution when the exercise of that worship was treason. The immense crowd which endeavored to force an entrance into the narrow and hidden interior prevented the approach of two-thirds of the faithful; but they knew that mass was being said, and they knelt in all the surrounding streets, joining themselves in spirit to the priest of the Most High. Very often I have mixed with them, and enjoyed their look of astonishment when they saw a stranger, a man not poor like themselves, taking the holy water with them, and bowing before their altar. And often also, from the gallery, reserved for the women, I have contemplated one of the most curious sights which it is possible to imagine—the nave of the Catholic chapel during the sermon. This part of the church was given up to men; there were no seats, and the population crowded into it in floods, each tide rising higher, till the first comers were pushed forward against the altar rails, and so crowded together that they could not move a limb. All that could be seen of them was a moving mass of darkhaired heads, so close together, that one could have walked across them without danger. From moment to moment this mass moved and wavered; long groans and deep sighs became audible; some dried their eyes, some beat their breasts; every gesture of the preacher was understood on the instant, and the impression produced was not concealed. A cry of love or of grief answered each of his entreaties, each of his reproaches. The spectator saw that it was a father speaking to his children, and that the children loved their father."

Charles Montalembert received some pleasant hospitality in Ireland, but he seemed especially gratified by the reception which greeted him at Maynooth, and at the friendly sympathy shown him by some priests of eminence—among others, by Archbishop Murray of Dublin, and Dr. Doyle, bishop of Kildare. Altogether, after leaving Ireland in September, he was able to look back upon his sojourn there as "two of the happiest months of my life." It is evident, also, he had been much edified by the devout character of the people, and that the tone of Catholic loyalty in his own mind was strengthened by his contact with their genuine fervor.

(Conclusion next month.)

PLIGHTED TROTH.

A TALE.

ALTHOUGH every day, and almost every hour, a Flemish *ménage* is scrubbed, scoured, waxed, and put in order, the Saturday is not the less consecrated, from time immemorial, to an especial cleansing, which, though nearly useless, is nevertheless accomplished with singular punctuality and fidelity. Floods of water deluge the red slabs of baked earth that compose the paving of the apartments; and when the busy housewives cease at length to lash the water with their brooms, considering that they have done their duty by the floors, they then fall upon the furniture and utensils. Bath-brick replaces water; and with the aid of a few soft rags, every door-handle and copper saucepan assumes the appearance and the brilliancy of the most precious metal.

It was in such labors that old Brigitta, who had been in the service of the Schaurmans family thirty years, occupied herself one Saturday with unrelaxed solicitude and perseverance. The object of her especial care was an enormous scuttle of fine copper, in which, so bright was it with incessant polishing, were reflected the smallest details of the court in which Brigitta was engaged at her task. What does the active servant behold in her copper mirror, that can cause her to start so violently, and gaze upon it with so blank a countenance?

The reason of her dismay was this: at one of the windows of the house, to which her back was turned, but which was clearly reflected upon the stuttle, she observed her young mistress in the act of leaning towards a young man, and allowing him to kiss her forehead. Then the indiscreet mirror showed the thoughtless couple exchanging rings, kneeling side by side, and holding their hands towards heaven.

What would people say if it ever got to be known in the town of Swal? The daughter of the richest citizen of the province of Overyssel to love a poor painter without fortune and without reputation! What was to be done? Ought not Brigitta herself, like a faithful and devoted servant, acquaint her master with what she had discovered? But this would be to betray a secret she had arrived at accidentally—a secret, too, whose revelation would entail tears and endless despair upon her dear young mistress. The old merchant, her father, would doubtless be pitiless, and conduct himself with the utmost rigor towards her. Brigitta's tears fell upon the brilliant scuttle, where they glittered like pearls. The good woman wiped them away, reentered the house, and busied herself in preparing the family supper. While thus occupied, her mind unceasingly dwelt upon the scene of which she had been the involuntary witness. Nightfall came at length, and she ascended to Marie's chamber, where she found her young mistress without a light, and sobbing violently.

"What is the matter, dear child?" asked Brigitta compassionately, pressing the poor girl's hand.

"Oh, my dearest nurse, it is a very sad secret, that I dare not confide even to your tenderness. Brigitta, listen—O no! no! I dare not." And Marie hid her face on the bosom of the old domestic.

"Well, to save you the pain of confessing your secret and your fault, dear, I will tell you that accident has discovered to me the

love with which you have inspired the young painter. I saw you this morning allow him to take a kiss; then you exchanged rings; lastly you prayed and wept together."

"You know all, Brigitta! How is this? Never has a single word of tenderness escaped the lips of Gerard Terburg; only for some time he has been exceedingly absent and melancholy. To-day he said to me: 'I depart to-morrow for Spain, there to make myself a name, to become rich, and then return to Flanders for a wife.' At these words, I nearly fainted. He continued: 'For all this, four years are necessary. If you were the young girl whom I love, would you have confidence in the success of the poor painter? Would you wait four years to become his wife?' Then I leaned towards him, Brigitta; he kissed my forehead; we exchanged rings; we prayed and wept together."

"And messire your father, mademoiselle, what will he say to all this?"

"I shall hide my secret until Gerard's return."

"But if your father should decide upon marrying you?"

"I shall refuse all proposals of the kind."

"But if he insists upon obedience?"

"I shall die!" cried the young girl with the resolution of despair.

Brigitta, as might have been expected, became from this time the consoler and confidante of her young mistress. It was to Brigitta that Marie related all her inquietudes; it was to Brigitta she would sometimes say: "My father has this evening proposed another lover. I have refused, and have had to endure his anger and his complaints." The good servant was not merely a passive recipient of Marie's confidence, she had likewise become the accomplice of her love and her resistance. She even partook of the affection of the young enthusiast for her absent lover, whom they now expected daily, for the four years had at length expired.

But, alas! Terburg did not reappear. Marie was at first devoured by anxiety, then resigned herself to despair; for thus to fail in the sacred promise he had given, her lover must be dead. Brigitta endeavored to combat this belief, while adopting it as the sole probability; for the idea of treason or forgetfulness on the part of Terburg could not occur to the pure and upright imaginations of these two simple-hearted women.

However the case might really stand, Marie's despair merged by little and little into a species of gentle and resigned melancholy, which, nevertheless, totally precluded the idea of her forming any other engagement. She dismissed all suitors for her hand as she had formerly refused the lovers presented by her father, for the old gentleman had died five years after the departure of Terburg. Free to please herself, she resolved to devote to celibacy the life which she had not been able to consecrate to the happiness of him whom she yet loved, and whom she believed to be in heaven, with her father. Like all tender, deceived, or isolated souls, she found in religion a mysterious solace for her woes. Her immense fortune was devoted to works of charity, in which she had a zealous coadjutor in Brigitta, who grew old without becoming infirm. Together they visited the poor, and spread around them happiness and ease by large and judicious alms. Every one in the little town of Swal knew and loved the Demoiselle Schaurmans.

Forty years thus elapsed. Brigitta was now ninety; and the pretty little fair-haired Fleming, whose graceful features had formerly been reflected in the copper

mirror, had become a sober personage of fifty-eight years, whose plump figure harmonized in the happiest manner with her benevolent physiognomy. However, neither this *embonpoint* nor the great age of Brigitta had had the power to deprive the two women of any portion of their activity. This was still so unimpaired, that towards the autumn of 1678, they undertook a journey to Haarlem upon we know not what business.

There they alighted at the best hotel in the town. But, unluckily, all the rooms were occupied, with the exception of one, which was disputed by a traveller who had arrived at the same time with Mademoiselle Schaurmans. He was a blunt little old man, and not at all disposed to cede his rights. Mademoiselle Schaurmans, habituated in her small town to the deference and the regard secured to her by her large fortune, and the respect her character inspired, was much wounded by the rudeness with which the stranger insisted upon his claim; and Brigitta could not refrain from observing aloud, that a lady being in question, it was the duty of a polite man to yield his rights, if he had any, to her mistress.

"At our age," replied the contradictory old fellow, "there is neither sex nor gallantry. We are two old people, that is all; we need the same cares. A bad night would be equally disagreeable to me as to madam. I have a right to the chamber, and I shall keep it." So the two tired women were compelled, at eight o'clock in the evening, to seek refuge in another hotel, where they arrived shivering with cold, and in the worst possible humor.

"Well, indeed!" exclaimed Brigitta, as she examined the mattresses of their beds, which were hard and uncomfortable; "what a brute that man is!"

"I never beheld a more ugly and disagreeable countenance," said her mistress.

"Such a singular appearance, with his toothless mouth, his bald pate, and his great gouty feet!"

"'We are two old people,' said he. Like his impudence! to compare a woman of fifty odd to an old *podagre* of eighty at least."

"Yes, he is most disagreeable. I am certain he can never have been supportable, even in his youth."

"From the moment I entered the hotel, he inspired me with instinctive aversion."

The stranger, on his part, expressed himself with no more moderation than the two females. "Upon my word," he said, "to be expected, for the sake of a fat old woman like that, to put myself out of the way, and expose myself to take cold. It would comport well with my age and appearance to commit such a folly!"

His valet-de-chambre interrupted him in the midst of these uncivil reflections. "The ladies that have just left," he said, "have taken with their own luggage one of your cases by mistake; and I believe it is the one containing a picture."

"My picture!" cried the old man—"my picture! probably my best! The only work of my youth I have preserved. Run, Pierre, run to the neighboring hotel, where these two old women are lodged. Stop: I will go myself." And with the vivacity of a young man, he took his stick, and went hastily to the two ladies. Entering without any announcement, he found them in tears.

Like worthy daughters of Eve, they had opened the case. The picture therein contained represented the farewell that had taken place forty years previously between Gerard and Marie. Mademoiselle Schaurmans and her ancient lover regarded each other

for a long time in silence, without being able to discern in the withered visages of either any trace of the features so lovingly preserved in their remembrances, and still doubting whether they really stood before each other. Then they approached, and joined hands. "Marie!" exclaimed Terburg, falling on his knees before her, "can you ever forgive me?"

"Alas! what matter," exclaimed she with a calm joy—"what matter at our age the past follies and errors of youth? I find only a friend, a brother. Thank God for it!"

"A husband, Marie! Why not realize now, old as we are, the dreams of other times?"

"O no—no!" murmured the comely old lady, a slight flush suffusing her still smooth cheek. "There is no marrying nor giving in marriage for us. The feelings of the past cannot be revived. What have you or I to do with love?"

The old painter would have sued, as if he had still been the handsome youth of other days; but Mademoiselle Schaurmans was firm. Brigitta supported her mistress in her resolution. So M. Terburg was fain to put up with friendship instead of love. He followed his ancient mistress to Swal, and there took a house in the same street with hers. The friends saw each other daily, enjoying the tranquil happiness suited to their age and increasing infirmities. They died within a year of one another, and were buried side by side in the old churchyard.

Brigitta, their heir, caused a magnificent monument to be erected to their memory, and shortly afterwards took her place at their feet; but not without making a provision for the numerous pensioners of her beloved mistress. The poor and infirm of the town of Swal had reason to bless the foresight which continued to solace their afflictions for more than a century.

GENIUS—A HUMBUG.

Believe it not; O never yet was man
Born with more noble faculties than thine.
Be true unto thyself, and then the light divine,
Which is in all, may'st cultivate and fan
Into a flame, which may be seen afar,
And make thee known and honored. Let no thought
Degrading to thyself, by any power, be brought
To sway thee from thy purposes, or mar
Thy steadfast plan of action. Nobly dare,
Dare without end, and the steep hill of fame
Will sink before thee, and thy honored name
Be heralded to glory. 'Tis weakness to despair,
To win renown it needs but to pursue it;
Believe you can succeed, and you will do it.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

ONE of the most remarkable predictions which daily confirm and illustrate the holy Catholic Church is presented in the canticle that flowed in sweet melody from the enraptured soul of the Sacred Virgin, who enjoyed the ineffable honor of being the Mother of Jesus. "All generations shall call me blessed!" chanted Mary; and now nineteen centuries have elapsed, throughout which the most splendid genius has always praised her, and hearts most pure and holy have unceasingly rejoiced in the privileges bestowed on the star of the universe, the gem of heavenly light. Throughout the long span of ages the song of benediction has not abated one note, nor dropped one accent of fervid love. It is always heard in harmony with the sublime character of its honored subject. This joyous hymn first broke through the wailing of an afflicted world coming from the Archangel, who descended from the heavenly choir to hail "Mary, full of grace." The greeting was taken up by astonished humanity, in the person of Elizabeth saluting Mary as "the Mother of of God." The strain was continued when every generation, in the person of the Evangelist John, heard the melody of mercy from the lips of Jesus, who, turning his eyes once more on Mary, like the sun beaming on the earth from the cloud fringe of an evening sky, said, "Behold thy Son," and to him, "Behold thy Mother." Thenceforward, the unfailing song of generations has been, "Mary, full of grace, blessed art thou amongst women;" for the word of our Divine Lord, "Behold thy Mother," is dear to all hearts not chilled by indifference. Often and often the canticle of benediction has pealed forth in the full chorus of ages, when the voice of the Church has been heard exciting the Christian spirit by the recital of the glories of Mary. At this season of expectation and of advent, the adopted family of Calvary concert the anthem of benediction with the profession of faith that the Blessed amongst Women is the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of Jesus. The definition of faith given to this title, so expressive of the "blessedness" of Mary, is "our victory" being recognized as one of the things which the Saviour promised would be suggested by the Holy Spirit to the mind of his Spouse, the Church.

Some persons, through laudable curiosity, or for the purpose of enlivening piety by means of the repeated evolution of an edifying subject, may, in the admiring spirit of the saintly Elizabeth, exclaim, "How is this, that the Mother of our Lord is immaculate?" On what principle is the Blessed Virgin lifted out of the stream of human life, and kept clear of the tainted wave which wafts the whole lineage of Adam-born children of wrath? It is charming to answer, and to profess the faith of the Church, that the incorruptibility of the human nature of Christ is substantiated by the fact that his Virgin Mother was, in her conception and in her very existence, unstained by original sin and free from the debasement of Adam's fall. We know, and we believe it to be the essential privilege of Mary, that at the first instant of animation her soul was united to the flesh in pure sanctity, as her person in actual existence never had iniquity. Even before we inspect the most "Blessed of women" with the light of Divine

Revelation, we find it reasonable to suppose that the Almighty, who required purity in the things that belonged to the Temple of Jerusalem, even in the very materials employed for its construction, would render perfectly pure the wonderful creature who was to be His living temple, and from whose flesh the Divine nature was to take a body. The Son of God incarnated with the flesh of Mary is the wisdom of the Father, and inhabited the womb of the Virgin Mother; but it is said in Holy Scripture, "Wisdom cannot enter into a wicked heart, nor dwell in the body that is subject to sin." (Wis. 2.) It is certain that the appointment to be mother of the world's Redeemer, advanced Mary to an excellence above the angels and all other creatures. Accordingly, no privilege should be conferred on other beings which was not eminently possessed by her. Now sanctification in the first instant of creation is a privilege given to the angels and to our first parents; therefore, by right of equal sanctity and of superior honor, the Blessed Virgin enjoyed this privilege. St. Paul (Rom. 5), calls Adam a "figure" of Christ. It is evident that the first man was not generated in the ordinary way of the human family, but was made by the Creator out of earth before it was cursed. In like manner it was proper that the second Adam—Christ—who was not formed in the usual way, but by the operation of the Holy Ghost, should be made of earth uncursed, that is, of a mother, pure, virginal, free from all malediction, consequently not subject to original or actual sin.

This belief is not derived from a mere human idea; it does not spring from any sentiment of religious culture, nor is it the mere conclusion of pious reasoning. It is a first principle, a demonstration of truth, a positive fact. The Church declares, and we believe, the dogma of the immaculate conception of the Holy Virgin, because Mary is immaculate. When we look at the morning rising, we see the sun, because the sun is there visible. When we gaze aloft, if any one will ask, "Do you see the sun?" immediately and without any discourse we answer Yes; the affirmation being verified by the fact of the shining sun. Just as it happens in the order of nature, so it is in the order of grace. We need only cast a glance of religious, scriptural, and Christian intelligence on Mary as "the morning rising" in the firmament of faith, when at once we see her, know her, and believe her immaculate. Hence if any one will say, Do you believe, and why do you believe, the "Blessed amongst women" immaculate? we answer, Yes, because such she *is*, essentially and actually. We are aware that to look on the bright orb of day, the eye must be accommodated to its distance and its light with the aid of art, which supplies a tinted speculum to mellow the glare of its fervid beams. In like manner we must look on the brilliant objects of faith, as St. Paul says, "through a glass in a dim manner." Let us then look upon the Queen of gospel light, shining in the empyrean of religion, with the aids for inspection supplied by the divine word, and we find Mary immaculate. Yes, looking through the "glass" of the Church, holy Scripture, we perceive the immaculate conception of the mother of Jesus, a fact grandly radiating from divine revelation.

Before the Lord pronounced the sentence of condemnation upon our fallen parents and their progeny, Mary was placed in safety. To the serpent he said: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman; she shall crush thy head." These words would be inexplicable without the preservation of *the woman*, the mother of our Saviour, from original guilt. How could she be placed in absolute antagonism to

the serpent, Satan, if ever, even for an instant, she should be his captive, contaminated by the poison of sin? The opponent of the ancient murderer could not be allied with him in any manner, otherwise on this score she would not differ from the victims of his malignity. If Mary, like every other descendant of Adam, could be for an instant subjected to the influence of Satan, it would not be correct to designate her beforehand as being eminently his adversary. Much less proper would be the prediction of her crushing victory, for then the devil might be the first to boast of victory. The prophet Isaias proclaimed a prodigy of divine omnipotence and mercy in these words: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be Emmanuel." So perfectly and divinely every possibility of even the shadow of a stain falling on the humanity of Christ was removed, that the regular course of nature was changed, and the maternity of Mary was effected in the unsullied purity of holy virginity. If, then, so great precaution was adopted for the immaculate condition of the flesh, so inferior in the human constitution, there must have been equal care at least for the immaculate preservation of the superior soul.

The crowning evidence of Mary's immaculate conception is exhibited when the sacred Scripture states: "She is the Mother of Jesus." The divine Saviour, the Word made flesh, was bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh. From her was received the purple stream of redemption; the blood which, flowing from her veins through the wounds of Christ, washed away the "handwriting that condemned us." The human nature of Mary was the human nature that was united with the divine nature in the person of Jesus Christ, so that in humanity mother and son were identical, consequently that which was immaculate in one was immaculate in the other; human nature was immaculate in Christ, therefore it was immaculate in Mary. Hence it is plain that no difference, no distinction, relatively to defect or imperfection, existed in that one human nature equally possessed by parent and child; although there was an infinite distinction relatively to superiority, whereas the humanity of Christ was perfected through the union with divinity.

Instead of any taint affecting the mother of our Lord, we find the miracle of a new creation, the virgin earth from which the plastic hand of Omnipotence moulded the sinless man. She is the mother of the Holy One, who, like the first Adam, had not an earthly father, but was still the son of man. She is the mother of Him who was the life and the light; she nourished with virginal love the conqueror of sin and death, the chief and author of our salvation. The limpid stream does not flow from a turbid spring; brilliant light is not emitted from midnight darkness; nor will smiling life and health glow forth from the putrid exhalations of the grave. Such things are not natural, neither is it natural that an immaculate son should be produced by a mother stained by original guilt.

In view of all that is thus stated by reason and commanded by faith, the "pastors and teachers appointed by the Saviour for the work of gospel ministry" (St. Paul) have never ceased to bless the mother of Jesus, "the lily amongst thorns, earth entirely untouched, virgin inviolate, immaculate, clear from all contagions of sin, by whom was formed the new Adam, a reproachless, most sweet paradise of innocence, immortality, and delights planted by the Creator, and fenced from all snares of the malignant serpent, incorruptible branch that the worm has never injured, fountain ever clear

and marked by the Holy Ghost, a treasure of immortality, the sole and only daughter not of death, but of life, the seed-root not of enmity, but of grace, which by singular providence of God has always flourished, reviving from a corrupt and imperfect root, contrary to the settled and common laws."

In such expressions this belief of the Church is found circulating throughout every age and nation where the cross is exalted and the name of Mary hailed full of grace. It is edifying and consoling to every sincere believer in the incarnation of the Word, to see the brightness of Catholic piety flashing through this present dark age, and that the hand of innocence culls the sweetest flowers, poverty smiles and pretends to be rich, to lavish ornaments for the decoration of the shrine where records of Mary's privileges excite the purest affections of the Christian heart. With admirable constancy the sanctuary and the altar where angels adore mysteries most sublime sparkle with brilliant illumination, and fragrant incense circles around, symbolizing the light of faith, the odor of grace, which affect intellect and feeling at every commemoration of the intimate connection of the blessed Virgin with all that is true, good, and beautiful in our holy religion. Most especially the worshippers of the Redeemer exult when the universe of faith sings in praise of the Blessed amongst women, because she is immaculate.

THE LAST FOOTFALL.

THERE is often sadness in the tone,
  And a moisture in the eye,
And a trembling sorrow in the voice,
  When we bid a last good-by.
But sadder far than this, I ween,
  O sadder far than all,
Is the heart-throb with which we strain
  To catch the last footfall.

The last press of a loving hand
  Will cause a thrill of pain,
When we think, "Oh, should it prove that we
  Shall never meet again."
And as lingeringly the hands unclasp,
  The hot, quick drops will fall;
But bitterer are the tears we shed
  When we hear the last footfall.

We never felt how dear to us
  Was the sound we loved full well,
We never knew *how* musical,
  Till its last echo fell;
And till we heard it pass away
  Far, far beyond recall,
We never thought what grief 'twould be
  To hear that last footfall.

And the years and days that long are passed,
And the scenes that *seemed* forgot,
Rush through the mind like meteor-light
As we linger on the spot;
And little things that were as nought,
But now will be our all,
Come to us like an echo low
Of the last, the last footfall!

ALONE IN THE WORLD; OR, THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

Chapter XXV.

THE LETTER.

The burning sun of a July day did not tend to sweeten Mary's temper under the domestic duties which her aunt had heaped upon her. The hard drudgery of the life in Canada did not suit her, and as she had been cajoled, so to speak, in coming, the burden seemed intolerably heavy. She was forever longing to return to Ireland, yet the time passed on and there was no hope of a change, when Death, which effects the greatest of alterations in the destinies of survivors, immediately altered the face of affairs in her regard.

Suddenly, without any previous warning, Mr. Moran was called to the other world, and his widow very speedily dried her tears, and resolved on returning to the old country, with a lingering hope that she might be able so to dispose of the property bequeathed her by her husband, as not to make it necessary for her to return thither.

When Mary had received her first quarter's salary from her aunt, she had sent it all to Kathleen; but the vessel was wrecked, consequently the seasonable relief never reached the hapless sufferer, and Mary had no acknowledgment.

The girl's anxiety had lately become intolerable, and before Moran's death she had resolved upon returning home, braving alone the dangers of the journey, when the death of her aunt's husband was followed immediately by the avowed determination of the latter to return to Ireland.

At last came news from home, but the direction was not in Kathleen's handwriting, and, apprehensive of ill news, she hastily tore open the envelope. It contained a few lines from Father Vincent, and ran as follows—

"My dear Child.—I write to prepare you for the worst, in case Miss Fitz Maurice should not recover. She is very, *very* ill, and was removed to St. Joseph's Asylum, Summer Hill, some weeks since. Very anxiously had she watched for a letter, and this anxiety has, doubtless, together with loneliness and prostration, increased her malady, but her love for you is unwavering; she feared something had happened you, but after we had removed her to the Asylum, where she has every care and attention, news came of the wreck of the 'Empress,' by which, doubtless, there was a letter from you. She requests me to convey to you her fondest love, and assurances that she is perfectly happy,

and that if, as is very possible, you do not meet again on earth, to look forward to a reunion in heaven."

Then there were two lines written by the hand of the beloved Kathleen, not, indeed, bold and clear, as was her handwriting once; the words were scarce legible, and seemed to have been blotted with her tears:

"My own beloved Mary: Keep up your spirits, and pray earnestly for me. Would that I could clasp you in my arms once more. May God accept this trial.

"Your loving aunt,

"Kathleen FitzMaurice."

"Dying, perhaps dead now, and I away. Wretch that I was, to abandon my more than mother."

For a good two hours Mary abandoned herself to the wildest excesses of grief; then her aunt began to scold, to speak in her blunt, rough way. Perhaps it was well that she did, for it roused Mary from the dull apathy of grief into which she was sure to fall after the reaction had taken place.

To give Helen her due, she was intensely shocked on hearing that her sister had become so destitute as to be obliged to be removed to St. Joseph's: whilst she was surrounded with every comfort, albeit she was in the Bush.

This was her way of rousing Mary out of her misery, as she termed it:

"Come, now, Mary, child, it's of no mortal use taking on in this way; we are going home, praised be God, as soon as we can get packed up. In two days we'll leave this precious settlement, and let those come out to the Bush that like, not I. A woman may have more comfort at home than ever she'll have here. We both acted for the best; I married Moran for the best, and I can manage to live comfortably in Ireland for the rest of my days, away from this nasty hole and its beasties, and bullfrogs, and mosquitos, and log houses, and woods shutting out the blessed light of day; and *you* did for the best; and poor, dear Katie's time has come. She would have died if you had been with her; so now rally, there's a good child, or you will never get on with the packing, and I'm sure *I* cannot do it."

No, Nelly always managed to put her burden on other folks' shoulders; but in this case it was well she did so, for it diverted Mary's mind from her great grief.

And the two days soon passed, and the whole trio were heartily glad to go. The little girl was elate with the expectation of the great changes about to take place, Mary feverishly anxious to reach Ireland only in time to pillow Kathleen's head on her shoulder; and Mrs. Moran's last words were very characteristic: "Thank heaven, I shall soon be in old Ireland again."

Fair winds and a prosperous voyage brought Mary and her aunt back to Ireland much sooner than either of them had expected. As to the former, she had counted the very days that had intervened from the moment the wearisome journey had commenced, till they fairly embarked in the vessel that was to bring them to Liverpool. Not only was Mary's mind racked with the most lively uneasiness as to the condition her aunt might be in, if even she was still alive, but it must now be supposed that her thoughts did not recur very often to him whose affianced bride she had become, and whose silence both perplexed and distressed her. She knew from the last letter that had reached her whilst in the Bush that he had left Ireland for Belgium, beyond that she was perfectly ignorant of Walter's movements, as also of the extraordinary change that had taken place in his pros-

pects; and at the present time the girl was merely looking forward to a struggling future, even if the sorrow of separation from Kathleen by the inexorable hand of death was for a time averted. At length the long wished for day arrived, and the travellers reached Dublin in safety.

"I really feel quite worn out," selfish Nelly had said on the previous evening, when discussing the movements of the next day with her niece; "I fear you will find poor Kathleen very ill, and if I were with you it would be more than I could bear; my nerves were never strong, and they have been sadly shook lately, so I think, Mary, you had best take a cab immediately on our landing, and go straight to St. Joseph's and see how she is, then return to me, and of course if the poor thing is well enough to be moved she must live with me; I am very well off, and people shall never say I let my sister be in a charitable institution when I have money to keep her myself."

Mary had returned a willing assent to her aunt's remarks, being much better pleased to have it in her power to hurry off alone to St. Joseph's, than to endure the delay which Aunt Nelly would certainly cause if she accompanied her; as to the latter remark, though she felt glad to observe that Mrs. Moran really desired that her sister should again be with herself, Mary had an idea that in all probability Kathleen would rather remain where she was, unless some happy change should take place in her own affairs, which might enable her to offer her a home.

Full of false hope and in good spirits, Mary, in pursuance of Mrs. Moran's instructions, went alone on the following day to St. Joseph's Asylum; strange to say why, but her hopes had revived the last few hours, only to make the crushing trial which awaited her proportionately heavy.

It was a bright summer morning, the sky was without a cloud, the birds singing gaily, all nature was in a holiday garb, one of those mornings when almost every sorrow save that of the loss of those we love can be shaken off.

And now stands Mary beneath the portico of St. Joseph's; her heart beats so tumultuously she can scarcely breathe. Oh! none but those who have thus suffered can tell what Mary felt. She had rung the bell, and with a short sharp jerk had let the handle fall; the sound reverberated through the house, but before its echoes had died away she rang again.

"Some one is in a mortal hurry, sure," said a portress, as she opened the door and gazed in startled surprise at the pale white face of the impatient visitant.

"The matron; I wish to see the matron at once," burst forth the girl, and then, as she hurried past the portress, the voice of a well-known priest struck upon her ear, and she recognized an early friend, Father Vincent, the good priest through whose instrumentality Kathleen had been received into St. Joseph's, and who, unperceived by Mary, had come to the door of the asylum as she had entered.

"I am so glad to see you," said she, her pretty face like an April day, with its sunny and at the same time its weeping skies, wearing a smile though it was bathed in tears; and then she spoke on rapidly, as together they entered the spacious hall of St. Joseph's, "I have but *just* come back from Canada, that is, Aunt Moran and I; you know I have counted every hour since I left the Bush, so anxious to get back again, and be a comfort to dear Aunt Kathleen; what a sad thing that the vessel was wrecked in which I sent that

money for her; but here I am at last. Take me to the matron at once, dear Father Vincent, or, rather take me straight to my beloved aunt; of course you know where she is?"

Thick and fast the poor girl had poured forth her words, then she suddenly stopped, and looking up, she encountered the pitying, sorrowful gaze of her early friend.

"Oh! no, no! do not say I am too late."

"Mary, my poor child, follow me," said the priest; he had all the influence with the affectionate, impulsive girl, commonly possessed by those who have known us from childhood; well was it for Mary that he had providentially called at the institution on that particular morning.

Opening the door of one of the apartments, he led the unresisting girl to a seat.

"Mary, call religion to your aid," he said; "those we love are but summoned a little while before us to their eternal home."

"She is gone, then! forever gone! and I—I who loved her *so* dearly,—I, of *all* others who should have been with her, absent at the last—O cruel, cruel fate!" and clasping her hands together, Mary gave way to a hysteric burst of tears.

For awhile Father Vincent allowed her grief to have its vent unchecked; his grave sorrowful look, when she first addressed herself to him, had told the truth as clearly as words could have done.

Then she said, by a strong effort repressing her grief, "Father Vincent, tell me all about it. Did —did she suffer much? did she speak of me? when did she die? and— and where is she buried?"

"She did not suffer much, Mary; her end was calm and peaceful, full of a loving trust in the heavenly Father she had all her life loved and served so well. She spoke of you often, my child, gave a small packet, containing sundry little articles, to the matron, for you, shed tears of joy over your last letter, and gave up her soul in peace but six days since."

"Six days! so lately? then let me look upon her dear dead face."

Poor Mary rose as she spoke. The priest continued:

"We laid her in Glasnevin Cemetery only yesterday, Mary; the funeral could not be postponed."

"But yesterday! but yesterday! Oh! my dead darling, shall I *never* see your face again?"

"Yes, in the kingdom of *your* Father and of *hers* shall you meet again," said the priest solemnly, "when *this corruptible hath put on incorruption, and this mortal hath put on immortality; be not sorrowful, then, as those who have no hope.*"

For awhile,—ah! have we not all yielded in moments of deep anguish?—nature had its way, but the prayer of the good priest touched the heart of Mary,—that bruised sorrowful heart gradually resigned itself to the decree of heaven, and drying her tears, she said—

"Who will go with me, that I may kneel by her last home?"

"I will go with you, Mary, and when you return you must see the matron; she will be able to tell you much it is needful you should know, and many more things relating to our dear lost friend than I can tell you."

Then they went their way to Glasnevin, Mary silent and sorrowful. What a mad, wild hope had sustained the girl early that morning. Do we not always suffer when the feverish excitement that has sustained us has passed away? The transition from the foolishness of an unreasonable hope to the knowledge of a certain deep sorrow, is almost more than poor human nature can support.

At length they reached the cemetery, and it was not long before a mound of earth, but newly turned, told the girl where the remains of her beloved friend reposed.

But, already, a monument of pure white marble had been raised, in the form of a cross, bearing on its base one word—"Kathleen," with the letters, "R. I. P.," and, ere she sank on her knees beside the grave, Mary looked inquiringly at the priest.

"Mr. Forrester has done this, my child; he told me he should see it put up before he left for England."

It was a strange name the priest had uttered: "No matter," Mary thought, "doubtless, the graceful act was done by some one who had admired Kathleen's character, and had lamented her misfortunes;" but nevertheless, she loved, for the sake of her more than mother, the unknown friend who had so speedily raised this tribute to her memory.

Then she knelt down and prayed for her who slept beneath; though she little doubted that a soul so pure had already found rest with its God; and before she left the spot she plucked some tufts of grass and a few leaves from a fine geranium recently planted, and, accompanied by Father Vincent, turned to leave the cemetery, sad and sorrowful.

"And who *is* Mr. Forrester?" she said. "How very good of him to raise such a monument over the grave of my beloved aunt."

"You know Mr. Forrester very intimately, my child," replied the priest, smiling, "so well, indeed, that I am commissioned to take you to his mother's home, in England, as soon as you are recovered sufficiently to undertake the journey."

"Pardon me, Father Vincent, I do not understand. The only English lady I know is Edward's mother, Mrs. Darvil; and they are both in Belgium."

"I must seem to speak in enigmas, Mary; but nevertheless, Mr. Forrester and Edward are one and the same person. Nor was Ella, your beloved aunt's old friend, his mother; she stood nearly in the same degree of relationship to him as you did to your dear Kathleen?"

"Ella not his mother, and his name not Darvil!"

"Neither one nor the other, Mary. Prepare your mind for strange revelations, and adore the goodness of God who, when a marvellous change in the fortunes of him to whom you are engaged took place, lost no time in coming to Dublin to impart the welcome news. He saw Kathleen, to his profound sorrow, so reduced as to have been glad to profit by the great kindness of the directors of St. Joseph's, and paid her a visit, consoled her last moments by the knowledge that the child whom she had reared would be endowed with all the gifts of fortune, and she died aware that as soon as she returned home she would be the happy wife of Walter Forrester. It is all true, Mary," the priest continued, as the big blue eyes of his hearer filled again with tears at the mention of Kathleen, lost to her forever when happier days were dawning on herself; she raised them, wonderingly to his face. "It is all true," he said, "the poor lady, Ella Graham (she was unmarried), had, simply, in a fit of aberration of intellect, stolen away her sister's child and reared it as her own, and a providential visit of his younger brother to Bruges, revealed the whole mystery; I will tell you how later; at present, as we are at St. Joseph's, I shall say no more; but be careful to let me know, as soon as possible, your aunt's address, and also when you think you will be able to travel, for you are anxiously expected in England."

Without staying for a word of comment on what he had said, the good priest left Mary standing once more beneath the portico of St. Joseph's. She did not ring a loud peal this time, but paused a few moments and pressed both hands on her forehead, as if she doubted the truth of what she had heard. She had recognized in Walter Forrester, whom she had known merely as a poor artist and writer, struggling under adversity, a noble, affectionate disposition; she regarded him as a good and duteous son, and felt assured he would also make a kind and indulgent husband; and, with a knowledge that a union with him would not necessarily require her to snap asunder that previous tie which death alone could break, that matchless love which bound together the loving aunt and orphan niece, she had unhesitatingly yielded up her affections to him.

A feeling of infinite joy for a moment filled her heart, contending for a place together with the grief which was, as yet, at its deepest, and ever and again came the natural reflection of the supreme happiness which would have been hers had Kathleen's life been spared.

A few moments later and she was seated with the matron of the institution, a lock of Kathleen's hair in her hand, together with a small ring, some papers, amongst which were the verses she had written on the evening of her separation from Mary, and bearing the date of that day, and a few other matters, trifling in themselves, but very dear to her who now received them, and who watered each precious relic with her tears.

"I have two letters for you," said the matron, placing them in Mary's hands.

The first was in a well-known handwriting, it ran as follows:

"My dearest Mary: Father Vincent knows everything and will tell you what has taken place. Let me beg of you, as the time of your arrival is uncertain, and business compels me to leave immediately for England, to give yourself up entirely to his guardianship, and come immediately with him, *at once*, to my mother's home at Ashleigh Thorpe. A cruel stroke of adversity separated us, and most providential and unforeseen circumstances, combining together, will have led to our reunion. Deep sorrow for both of us is, however, mingled with our happiness, bidding us bear in mind that earthly happiness must always have its corresponding grief.

"Farewell, beloved Mary, till the day of our looked-for meeting.

"Walter Forrester."

The second envelope contained the following lines, written in a delicate female hand:

"My dearest Mary: Personally, we are strangers to each other, yet not entirely so, as a framed photograph hanging in my chamber, has made me acquainted with my dear long-lost son's betrothed bride. Of her virtues, too, I have heard not a little, and I assure you I feel doubly attracted to the young lady because she is the beloved niece of my own early friend, Kathleen Fitz Maurice, of whom I lost sight after my marriage.

"Very anxiously, my dear Mary, are we awaiting your return from that wilderness in the far West to which a series of such cruel misfortunes induced you to go.

"Join us here, without delay, under the guardianship of Father Vincent, should you not arrive by the day on which Walter's presence in England is indispensably necessary, as he has to take formal possession of his estate.

"Believe me, my dear Mary,

"Your sincere friend,

"Louisa Forrester."

"Could it all be true? Was she, indeed, so happy?" thought the girl, as those two letters dropped from her hands, and lay side by side with the lock of Kathleen's hair, that memento of the departed again awakening her grief; then came the thought of those dead ones, whose lives, in the loving adoption of infant niece and nephew, though from motives so dissimilar, seemed to bear so strange an affinity to each other; and thus, even in the depths of a joy too sacred for words, the grief recurred ever and again, at the remembrance of the hapless Ella, her remains resting far from all her kindred, in her grave at Bruges, and of her whose interment had but twenty-four hours since taken place at Glasnevin.

Then, at Mary's request, the matron conducted her to the room in which Kathleen had breathed her last sigh. Here she lingered some time, in silent communion with God and prayer for so beloved a relative, whose spirit had passed away in that spot. From thence she was conducted through the building, and beheld, congregated together, a number of aged women, who, but for the establishment of this institution, must have died in penury.

Mary passed through the rooms in which the greater part of them were assembled, with kind words on her part and words of sympathy on theirs. They knew her for the niece Kathleen had so tenderly loved, and some of them whispered to each other a hope that the young girl's lot would be a brighter one than hers whom she had lost; and Mary, too, stood listening, as it were, to the kind matron's words, but absent in mind, asking herself why it is that in this world there is such scant reward for those who so nobly bear the burdens of others; for here, before her eyes, were those (and had not she whose death she so bitterly deplored, herself become so destitude as to seek within the walls of St. Joseph's, a haven of shelter amidst her sorrows) whose lives had been spent in honest industry and toil, never thinking of themselves or the grim future which one day might, and most probably would, be theirs. Had they not all spent the bloom of their youth, the prime of their womanhood, in perfect abnegation of self, knowing that for them there was no provision for after-life, no cloistered home to shelter them when the fulness of days was come, or no arm of loving child on which to rest their dying head; and yet, amongst them might be found the artist, the governess, the milliner, the seamstress, the woman whose once happy youth had never been haunted by the thought of necessity so dire as that which befell her in her later years, who, sensitive, and tender, and refined, had braved, all her life long, the rough usage of a world always hard to such as these; not one of them, she knew, but, like her dead Kathleen, had performed, with matchless courage, some heroic act of virtue, scarce one on whose bosom a parent had not breathed forth the last sigh, the last prayer borne by the angels to the throne of the Most High—a blessing on their child. Scarce one, too, whose loving care had not afterwards fallen on the little ones of the household, for whom they had supplied a parent's place, or not a few who had not succored the offspring of some unfortunate brother or sister, as she herself had been cherished. Well, too, did she know that more than a hundred such sought admission vainly; for, alas, the place was full, and this institution, their sole hope and resource, was deeply in debt.

And then the girl looked in upon herself, and beheld in her own happy fortune a rare exception to the general rule, acknowledging,

with great humility and gratitude to God, that she had herself been saved by the affectionate ministry of a toiling woman, who, though in the world, was yet not of it. She left St. Joseph's, subdued and sorrowful even beyond her own private cause for sorrow, and said to herself, "Verily, the reward is in eternity, and for such have these labored. Oh! my beloved one! crowned with a fadeless garland, an amaranthine wreath, art thou not, with others like unto thee, reaping a never-ending happiness in the kingdom of thy Father?"

Chapter XXVI.

GOING HOME.—CONCLUSION.

The first appearance of Mary, with her swollen eyes and pale face, made Mrs. Moran aware that all was over, even before her niece spoke. I will not go so far as to state that fortunate Nelly did not shed tears at her hapless sister's fate and the sad want that had preceded it, for Mary had drawn the recital of all from the unwilling matron of St. Joseph's, but her nature was one of that elastic kind as to enable its owner very speedily to throw the trouble and the sorrow aside.

Of course Mary told her all that had transpired concerning herself, and her changed prospects; and then, after a long pause, Mrs. Moran observed:

"Well, and now you are going to leave me for good and all, just as I expected to be quiet and comfortable; you'll want money, you know; here is a note for thirty pounds," she added, throwing it in Mary's lap; "send to one of the great mourning houses; they will have everything you require ready in a few hours. When do you mean to leave Dublin?"

"On Thursday. Father Vincent is anxious I should leave as soon as possible."

And accordingly on the morning of that day, her mind divided betwixt joy and sorrow, Mary bade farewell to Dublin, and, escorted by the good priest, commenced her journey to England, for the first time visiting the land of her nativity; and often did she think of her whose loving arms had borne her a helpless infant to the country she was leaving, endeared to her by a thousand fond recollections.

It was drawing towards the close of a fine evening in August, when they arrived at the railway station, two miles from Ashleigh Thorpe, which poor Ella had so carefully avoided twenty-five years previously, on the night on which she had stolen away her sister's child.

The timepiece which stood on the shelf in the old library, and the watches of the Forresters, mother and son, had never, I believe, been consulted so frequently as on that and the previous evening; for Father Vincent had purposely, with the idea of giving a surprise, concealed the exact day on which he expected to reach England.

Walter's mind was, in a manner, dazed and bewildered by the utter change that had taken place, raised as he was from the depth of penury to the height, if not of positive affluence, to a handsome competency, sufficient for the gratification of every moderate desire. Most careful was he, too, to bestow upon the new-found mother, who had so long and bitterly bewailed his loss, every mark of love and affection; though, at the same time, he found it quite impossible to discharge poor loving Ella from the place she had so long held in his heart. I can by no means say, indeed, that the young man who had suffered so much from poverty took possession of his birthright without a pang, even were it only with regard to the noble-minded Herbert, whom he appeared to be ousting out of what he might justly

have long since regarded as his own, and whom he vainly begged would allow him to share his fortune with himself. All such pleadings were, however, in vain. His share as the younger son, he had long since received, he argued, reminding him that he belonged to the Church, and that the dearest dream of his life had been realized on the day on which he found his brother.

But let me return from my digression.

Time may seem to pass slowly, nevertheless, the hour comes at last. For about the tenth time in those two days Walter sauntered to the station; not to be disappointed on this occasion; oh, no, for well he knew the pretty face, pale though it was, which smiled on him from the railway carriage as the train steamed into the village station.

The next moment she was led by Walter to a brougham which was in waiting, and thus escaped the knot of idlers who had gathered together, quite cognizant of the fact that the new squire's bride was expected to come to Ashleigh Thorpe one day during the week, and who had as persistenly watched all lady comers as much as even Walter himself.

A joyous meeting you may be sure it was. Despite her want of color and her tearful eyes, there was a look of quiet happiness in Mary's countenance. But many thoughts were surging in her mind: Ella and Kathleen had been so strangely linked together; her changed position; Walter, no longer poor and obscure, but a rich landed proprietor. And his mother, whom she would meet in a few moments, would she really like her, she wondered, when she came to know her? And, withal, she was full of gratitude—yes, that is the best word I can use—of gratitude to Walter; good, clever, noble Walter, who had been constant to such a poor little maid as she, when he had become rich, and might have won the heart of some lady as well off as himself.

So thought the humble-minded Mary; and then, as the road wound its way by flowering hedgerows and smiling meadows, gay with the harebell, and yellow daffodil, and scarlet poppy, with dappled oxen reclining lazily on the soft grass, she could almost fancy she beheld the poor Ella wearily trudging along that dusty road with the baby in her arms, as on the night she made her way down to London, twenty-five years since.

"Are you looking out for the Manor Hall, Mary?" said Walter, breaking the silence, for he, too, had been thinking of that momentous night, and of poor Ella; "well, now, look a little to the left and you will see its red brick walls gleaming through the trees. But here we are at the avenue; a few moments more and my pretty colleen will see her new home."

Then there broke from Mary's lips an exclamation of delighted surprise, and she closed her eyes, as if she doubted the fine old English mansion she beheld was really to be the future home of one so poor as she; and, as the brougham stopped at the entrance, a lady, very much resembling poor Ella, came graciously forward, too impatient to wait till Mary entered the hall, but descending the steps, clasped her in her arms, and calling her her dearest Mary, led her into the hall herself.

A right good welcome, indeed, did the portionless girl receive from the mistress of Ashleigh Thorpe. That night was one of quiet, glad converse with them all. The next day Mary was shown all over the old place. The library, especially, received her attention, the very corner being specified in which the cradle had stood on the night poor

Ella had stolen away the baby. And Mary looked up with a smile at the manly face of the long-lost son, thinking how odd it was such a poor little maid as she should be chosen for his wife; and, as pride had no part in her unassuming nature, she did not conceal from the lady of Ashleigh the gratitude she felt that he should have been so faithful to his troth when such bright days had dawned upon him.

"And why not, indeed?" said his mother. "Walter would have been undeserving of the Providence which has restored to him his birthright had he neglected and forgotten you. But now, Mary, listen to me: I am going to abdicate in your favor; you know—"

"How? Not going to leave this place?"

"No, but joyfully to resign that charge and overlooking, which has become irksome to me, to the new young mistress; he," and here the lady pointed to the priest, who was walking beneath the shady trees with Father Vincent, "he is the soldier of the Cross, and will leave me as he hath done before, to go wherever Heaven and his superiors shall see fit to send him. I have no domestic ties but Walter and yourself; to you, on the morning that makes you his wife (and Herbert shall unite you both in holy matrimony) I shall give up all rule at Ashleigh Thorpe; but I shall not be quite a deposed sultaness," she added, with a smile. "I shall be a bit of an autocrat in my way; I shall keep two rooms I most have favored, but I shall join you and my long-lost son at meals, sometimes. I have grown somewhat weaker than of old; I may like to be alone. At any rate my management ceases, as it ought to do, the day that makes you Walter's wife."

"And long may you live, dearest mother, our happy, honored guest," said Walter, who, unheard by either, had entered the library.

The next morning Father Herbert stood at the altar in the private chapel, and, assisted by Father Vincent, joined in holy wedlock those who had formed a strong attachment to each other in the days of the sharpest adversity, but had gone by different paths to support those who had toiled for them in their helplessness.

(THE END.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LECTURES AND SERMONS. By Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P. New York: P. M. Haverty, 1872. Received from Peter F. Cunningham.

When Father Burke came to America it was on a laudable mission of charity, for the benefit of his order. This object he sought to attain by means of his lectures, and his efforts have been so generously appreciated and so nobly aided by the American public, that certain parties possessed of that wonderful organ which is so peculiar a feature in our national countenance, "An eye to business," sought to make personal capital out of the orator's popularity by appropriating his discourses, and issuing them in a garbled form of publication. Father Burke anticipated this design by publishing the volume before us, and in a brief preface appeals to the kindness of the public, to protect him from the dishonesty of the tricksters who are selling the spu-

rious edition of his work. Such an appeal should not, and we feel confident will not, be in vain. So much for the origin of this book, now for a glance at its contents. The first thing that meets the eye, on raising the tastefully decorated cover, is a fine steel portrait of the orator himself, clad in the garb he honors with such loyal pride, the old Dominican habit, whose folds are consecrated with the memories of saints who wore it through centuries of faith. Those who have gazed so affectionately upon the living features of this noble priest, and who know that he must soon be gone from their sight, perhaps forever, will treasure this alone as a valuable memento of one whom they love and are proud to honor. Then follows the beautiful dedication to him whom Irish love has dignified, as a testimony of appreciation of his high-souled and life-long devotion to his country's cause, with the majestic title: "*The Lion of the Tribe of Judah,*" John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, "*Clarum et venerabile nomen!*" Then commences a rich selection from the series of brilliant addresses, consisting of both lectures and sermons, with which Father Burke has electrified both continents, but nowhere, not even in the mistress city of the arts, and of faith, eternal Rome, with greater lustre than in the United States, as has been attested by the overflowing thousands who have crowded night after night, for over a year, the most spacious auditoriums of the country. It has been the privilege of the Dominican Order to have fairly earned for itself, through several centuries of good service, the proud title which its founder in an humbler sense conferred upon it: "*Ordo Prædicatorum.*" St. Dominic himself, the glorious St. Thomas of Aquin, in former times, and a Lacordaire, a Felix, and a Hyacinthe, in our own days, are not dishonored by association with a Burke; in diction he may be their inferior, but not in the possession of the marvellous power to enchant men's minds or move their hearts. The thousands who have listened to the eloquence falling from his lips will retain this book and relish its contents, not only as beautiful fancies for the brain but as the more substantial food for the soul, long after the noble face, the majestic form, the graceful gesture, and tuneful voice of the orator have passed away. Such a book is scarcely a subject for cold criticism, but if it be permissible we will say that while Father Burke's lectures show the most thorough historical research and almost intuitive familiarity with the national lore of his country, yet we think the public, who can break through the magic spell of those arts an orator knows how to use so well, will sustain us in the opinion, that for polished style and originality of thought the sermons of this worthy son of the immortal Guzman must claim superiority. It is so seldom that we have any of Mr. Haverty's publications on our table that we take double pleasure in being able, when we do receive one, to compliment him, as we must in the present instance, on the meritorious style in which they are issued.

ALL HALLOW EVE; OR, THE TEST OF FUTURITY, AND OTHER TALES. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873. Received from Peter F. Cunningham.

This is a handsome volume containing the title novel, *Unconvicted, or Old Thornley's Heirs,* and *Jenifer's Prayer,* three tales which acquired popularity in the pages of the *Catholic World,* and which are now presented in book form to complete the set, consisting of *Dion and the Sibyls, The House of Yorke, Constance Sherwood,* and the other serials which have from time to time appeared in the same magazine. We hope to see *Daybreak,* another of these excellent tales, soon added to those above mentioned. The novels of Madam Craven and Count von Bollanden will, we presume, form a separate series, but most of the tales referred to are essentially American, and while we do not deprecate the literary eclecticism of publishers, we are delighted to see these advance steps towards the creation of a standard national Catholic literature, and are equally rejoiced to find the efforts of excellent native authors so nobly aided by the Society whose imprint their productions bear. How great the shame if the Catholic community does not respond to such generous efforts of penman and publicist! The reading portion of the Catholics need only be solicited for their patronage, but there is a large class of the faithful, *in the higher ranks of life,* who unfortunately seem to pride themselves on not being "reading men or women." To such we must appeal for something more than patronage; we must remind them of their duty as Catholics, to cultivate, nay more, if necessary *to force,* to a reasonable extent, the growth of their intellectual faculties. It is astonishing that Catholic *parents* should require such admonitions, when they cannot fail to see in their children, the development of that magnificent educational system by

which the Church is preparing to remove, from the rising generations of American Catholics, the stigma of illiteracy which is too justly attached, at present, to a large portion of Catholic society. We cannot better conclude the advice we have taken the liberty of addressing to such persons, than by referring them to the brief but excellent treatise in Father Faber's *Spiritual Conferences*, entitled: "A Taste for Reading, a Help to the Spiritual Life." If they cannot digest didactic works, they surely will not be going beyond their depth when they seek for instruction 'neath the shallower but smoother currents of romance.

A Biographical Dictionary, for the use of colleges, schools, and families; being a comprehensive account of the principal personages of history, with date and place of birth, &c., to which are added complete chronological tables, showing the rulers of the principal countries of the world. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1872. Received from Peter F. Cunningham.

This title-page is an epitome of the work itself; a book of a kind which is much needed in our schools, though we must candidly say that Dr. Parsons's compilation does not, to our mind, supply the long-felt want. The selection of names is not a remarkably judicious one, nor the notices, except perhaps in the case of the philosophers, ancient and modern, sufficiently definite, even for a small handbook. There are occasionally some grave mistakes which can hardly be placed under the head of "accidents." St. Agnes, for instance, is set down as "a young girl *of Palermo*." The notice of Queen Mary Tudor is such as would satisfy the heart of the most virulent maligner of "Bloody Mary." Mary Stuart barely escapes with her character intact, even in the face of Mr. Meline's refutation of Froude's prejudices. Philip II of Spain has *his* portrait copied from the most approved Protestant originals. No Catholic pretends to say that Philip was an incarnate angel, very far from it; but Dr. Parsons, *if he be a Catholic D.D.*, must surely know that amid many faults he gave evidence of the possession of many noble qualities of head and heart. If he had never done anything else than endeavor to check the spread of the so-called Reformation he would have earned great praise, *at least from Catholic biographers*. Philip II (Duke of Orleans), although represented as a monster of vice, is credited with many fine acts of administrative ability, among which are enumerated that *the Jesuits lost their influence and the public debt was reduced* $100,000,000. To be sure, the punctuation of the passage may make the sense different, but the arrangement of the sentences renders the use of the period almost a nullity to the mind of the reader. Renan's infidelity is touched upon in a kid-gloved style, entirely too delicate for the author of the infamous *Vie de Jésus*. These are but a few examples, noted in a hasty glance; how many more a closer perusal would develop we are unable to say. The book, while not positively without merits, is not up to the standard of either stanch Catholicity or general utility.

Catholic Family Almanac, 1873. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

This, the third number of this excellent annual, is in no way inferior to its predecessors. While intended for the use of the Catholic community, it by no means interferes with the utility or circulation of the larger Catholic Almanac, which is more specially intended for the clergy, the business community, and that portion of the laity who use the missal, and consequently require *an ordo* in the vernacular. The pamphlet under notice approaches more nearly to the general requirements of an almanac. Besides the usual astronomical calculations, cycles of time, dates, statistics, calendars, complete table of feasts and fasts of the Church, and other usual contents of such a work, its general reading matter comprises scraps of Catholic history, biography, and accounts of celebrated places and buildings, making it a book of valuable and diversified information. We were particularly pleased with a little sketch entitled: "*The Magnetic Telegraph, a Jesuit Invention.*" The work is made still more interesting by the addition of several illustrations on wood, consisting of views and portraits.

We have received from the New York Silicate Book Slate Company a few specimens of their book-slates, intended for the use of schools and private individuals. In our opinion, these are a great improvement on the old-fashioned stone slate; the superiority consisting in their being light, compact, easily handled, less likely to break or get scratched, noiseless, and pleasant to use. They are issued in all sizes and forms, from the small pocket memorandum to the ordinary desk-slate. It gives us pleasure to commend these slates to the favor of our readers.